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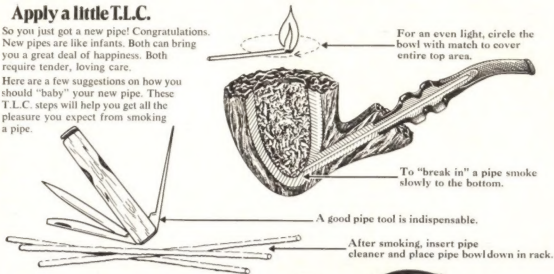
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So you just got a new pipe! Congratulations. New pipes are like infants. Both can bring you a great deal of happiness. Both require tender, loving care.

Here are a few suggestions on how you should "baby" your new pipe. These T.L.C. steps will help you get all the pleasure you expect from smoking a pipe.



1. Before smoking your pipe for the first time, moisten a fingertip with water and rub it around the inside of the bowl. This will insulate the bowl against the heat of the first smoke. Then, be sure to use a quality tobacco. May we be so bold as to suggest Amphora?

2. To "break in" your pipe only half fill the bowl for the first few smokes. Tamp the tobacco evenly and be sure top surface of the tobacco is well lit. (See illustration above.)

3. When you pack a full bowl, press the tobacco lightly in the lower part, more firmly up on top.

4. To build an even "cake" smoke the tobacco slowly to the bottom. Occasionally tamp the ashes gently and rekindle immediately if light goes out.

5. A pipe should keep its cool. If yours is getting hot, set it aside, tamp the ashes and don't relight until the bowl feels comfortable in your hand.

6. When you've worked hard, you enjoy a rest. So does your chum, the pipe. Never refill a hot pipe. Let it cool and switch over to one of your other pipes. We can all use a little variety now and then.

7. When you finish a bowlful remove the ashes with your pipe tool. To absorb excess moisture insert a pipe cleaner in the shank and put your pipe to bed in a pipe rack, bowl face-down.

8. A layer of carbon will build up in the bowl of your pipe as you continue to use it. This is good as it improves the draft and provides even burning. But don't allow the carbon layer to be thicker than the thickness of a penny.

9. Build up a collection of pipes. (The right hint before your birthday, Father's Day or Christmas wouldn't hurt.) Rotate the use of your pipes, take good care of them, keep your pipes clean, and they'll return to you years of pleasure and contentment.



How to avoid tongue bite.

There are two possible reasons for tongue bite. One is excess heat in the bowl. Instead of puffing, draw slowly on your pipe, follow these nine steps and you'll go a long way toward avoiding the problem.

The second possible cause may be your tobacco. The investment in a quality tobacco will reap an excellent return in flavor and mildness. Amphora's unique Cavendish process results in *extra mildness* while our top-notch taste comes through.

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Assassinations, even unsuccessful attempts on the lives of American leaders, strike so swiftly and frighteningly that TIME correspondents, like other journalists, need no marching orders from the home office before starting work. On the almost fatal scene with the President Friday morning was TIME's veteran Sacramento stringer Tom Arden. As soon as Lynette Fromme's gun was wrested away, Arden began gathering eyewitness accounts of the attempt. San Francisco

Bureau Chief Joseph Boyce took off for Sacramento and covered Fromme's midafternoon arraignment. Correspondent John Austin remained in San Francisco gathering background material. The Los Angeles bureau managed to obtain some unpublished memoirs that Fromme had written about her life with Manson. Picture departments in both bureaus sought out exclusive photographs. In Washington, a team of correspondents gathered White House and Secret Service reaction.

In New York, James Atwater, Frank Merrick, Ivan Webster and Gerald Clarke pieced together the cables that flowed in about the weekend and wrote the cover story and accompanying boxes. The package was researched by Edward Tivnan, Marta Dorion and Allan Hill and edited by Marshall Leeb. "An assassination attempt is more than just bad news or the act of a lunatic," says Leeb. "It raises the problem of how to campaign in our free, open society. And it reins in the ability of our President or presidential candidates to move among their followers and get a 'feel' for the mood of the people."

The slide of Britain, once the world's leading industrial power, into apparently chronic economic sickness is a development alarming to all the West. Rather than recite only the surface facts and statistics of crippling inflation, union demands and slumping productivity, TIME editors felt that a real understanding of the situation required telling the human side of the story. Therefore, the special report that appears in the Economy & Business section focuses on workers and bosses at one of Britain's major firms. Like the Belamys and their servants in the TV series *Upstairs, Downstairs*, they cannot live apart, though their relationships are plagued by mistrust and class antagonisms. The factory chosen for the story belongs to Rubery Owen Holdings Ltd., Britain's largest privately owned manufacturing firm. For two weeks, Correspondent William McWhirter followed Managing

Director John Owen and Doug Peach, the firm's senior union spokesman, around the company's main plant in Darlston, and interviewed workers, foremen, efficiency experts and company directors. "I left Darlston feeling that neither side was to blame," says McWhirter. "It was just, as they would say, 'the situation.'"

Ralph P. Davidson

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Buying Peace in the Middle East

To the Editors:

Jerusalem Bureau Chief Donald Neff said [Aug. 25]: "It appears that since the U.S. cannot negotiate peace in the Middle East, it will buy it." But the U.S. is not buying peace for itself; it is buying it for Israel. For this reason, this kind of peace will never succeed.

Joseph E. Khalili
Indianapolis

Kissinger's Viet Nam peace plan led to the fall of South Viet Nam and a serious weakening of American strength in Asia. He is now conferring the benefits of his newest peace plan on Israel. Let Israel (and America) beware.



Henry Kissinger is the Neville Chamberlain of our age.

Bruce Aird
Mountain View, Calif.

For his efforts, Kissinger's title to replace "Peace Ambassador" might be more exactly "Money Changer."

Stanford DeMille
Cincinnati

The cost of providing new armaments to Israel by the U.S. might be balanced by the benefit of having these arms evaluated and proved by the Israeli armed forces.

The French armaments industry came into its own only after French tanks and fighter bombers had been battle-tested by the Israelis in the Sinai war of 1956.

Henry Winters
Arlington, Va.

Your story about the impending interim peace settlement in the Sinai brings me to think about how we have not thanked the United Nations soldiers for serving in what has to be the most unpleasant military duty in the world. Why

not consider nominating the United Nations truce force in the Middle East for a collective Nobel Peace Prize at the next ceremonies in Stockholm?

David J. Gruccio
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

There is no such thing as a slight pregnancy. No American advisers in the Sinai!

Edwin Harrington
Carversville, Pa.

Queries for Castro

The lifting of U.S. sanctions on trade with Cuba [Sept. 1] by U.S. subsidiaries does not alter our embargo on direct trade with Cuba.

I feel that we should not initiate resumption of trade or diplomatic relations until Premier Castro and his government show clear signs of changing their policies and attitudes toward our country. Specifically, what does Castro intend to do about millions of dollars worth of expropriated property of U.S. citizens? What about human rights and his refusal to allow any international body to inspect the political prisons? What about travel rights for Cuban Americans separated from their families in Cuba? These issues require satisfactory answers and are the basis of a resolution I am co-sponsoring with Senator Richard Stone of Florida calling for advice and consent of the Senate prior to any change in our Cuba policy.

Lawton Chiles
U.S. Senator, Florida
Washington, D.C.

Deflating Meany

It is ironic that George Meany and the labor unions should be critical of the export of American grain [Sept. 1] on the grounds that the sale will drive prices higher. I can't think of any American group whose actions and demands have been more inflationary.

Richard L. Leary
Springfield, Ill.





Mr. Meany's unions could well revise their work rules. His Plumbers and Pipefitters require two pipefitters and a welder to hook up the piping on a steam trap about the size of a breadbox. If American farmers worked the same way, there would be 20 men on a combine and wheat would be \$10 a bushel.

Roger Conrow
Indian Rocks Beach, Fla.

George Meany is one of a very few with the courage and conviction to speak out against our Government's policy of



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assistance for all but the American majority. We admire and support him for his efforts to thwart rising prices—something our elected leaders should be doing but are not.

*Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bingham
Richfield Springs, N.Y.*

Odd Facts About Busing

The schools of Detroit and Boston [Sept. 1] were examined in court, far from headlines, and found to be racially segregated, offering today and every day inferior education to black children. Black people still cannot understand why busing was perfectly acceptable when it was used to segregate the races and only when it was used to desegregate schools did it become a monstrous thing.

*Roy Wilkins, Executive Director
N.A.A.C.P.
New York City*

Where Is Luis?

Thank you, TIME, for making the American public aware of the bloody repression that the Chilean government is practicing [Aug. 18]. I am but one of the thousands of relatives who are engaged in the painful search for a *desaparecido* (missing person). The alleged corpse of my brother, Luis Guendelman Wisniak, not only had part of the coccyx bone—which in his case had been removed when he was five years old—but also its twisted denture bore no resemblance. The miraculously uncharred plastic identification card was ripped and sealed with metal staples, the last name was misspelled, the photograph and fingerprint were not that of Luis, and the signature was unmistakably forged.

My family has uncontested evidence that Luis is in the hands of the DINA [Chile's secret police]. There are strong indications that he is being detained in a prisoners' camp in northern Chile and that high government authorities are purposely denying his detention.

*Simón Guendelman Wisniak
Berkeley, Calif.*

We Are All Armenians

Stefan Kanfer's review of *Passage to Ararat*, by Michael J. Arlen [Aug. 18], was excellent and caught every vibrant note expressed by Mr. Arlen in his book. Turkish governments have always denied the massacre of the Armenians; and when they could not deny it, they tried to justify it by comments similar to those of the Turkish Minister of the Interior in 1918 who replied to Armenian protests by saying: "Those who are innocent today might be guilty tomorrow."

*Barry B. Papazian
Toronto*

Hold it. Saroyan's Armenians are no more sentimentalized than the Jews of

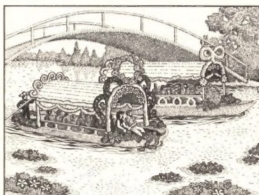
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\$ 834.43 in Philadelphia, Pa.	@ \$.053 per KWH	\$ 566.78 in Denver, Colo.	@ \$.036 per KWH
\$ 834.43 in Providence, R.I.	@ \$.053 per KWH	\$ 551.04 in St. Louis, Mo.	@ \$.035 per KWH
\$ 818.69 in York, Pa.	@ \$.052 per KWH	\$ 551.04 in Little Rock, Ark.	@ \$.035 per KWH
\$ 787.20 in New Haven, Conn.	@ \$.050 per KWH	\$ 535.30 in Charlotte, N.C.	@ \$.034 per KWH
\$ 739.97 in Pittsburgh, Pa.	@ \$.047 per KWH	\$ 535.30 in Lancaster, Pa.	@ \$.034 per KWH
\$ 739.97 in Richmond, Va.	@ \$.047 per KWH	\$ 535.30 in Winston-Salem, N.C.	@ \$.034 per KWH
\$ 708.48 in Baltimore, Md.	@ \$.045 per KWH	\$ 519.55 in Atlanta, Ga.	@ \$.033 per KWH
\$ 692.74 in Chicago, Ill.	@ \$.044 per KWH	\$ 519.55 in San Francisco, Calif.	@ \$.033 per KWH
\$ 692.74 in Cleveland, Ohio	@ \$.044 per KWH	\$ 503.81 in Dallas, Texas	@ \$.032 per KWH
\$ 692.74 in Columbus, Ohio	@ \$.044 per KWH	\$ 503.81 in Mobile, Ala.	@ \$.032 per KWH
\$ 676.99 in Washington, D.C.	@ \$.043 per KWH	\$ 488.06 in Bismarck, N.D.	@ \$.031 per KWH
\$ 661.25 in Detroit, Mich.	@ \$.042 per KWH	\$ 472.33 in Fresno, Calif.	@ \$.030 per KWH
\$ 661.25 in Phoenix, Ariz.	@ \$.042 per KWH	\$ 456.58 in Indianapolis, Ind.	@ \$.029 per KWH
\$ 645.50 in Kansas City, Mo.	@ \$.041 per KWH	\$ 440.83 in Oklahoma City, Okla.	@ \$.028 per KWH

(Third in a series of city listings)

It sounds too good to be true, but it is true. Every Philco Cold Guard Refrigerator uses less electricity than comparable models from any manufacturer listed in the April 1975 AHAM Directory. So you'll save money. That's because only Philco refrigerators were actually re-engineered to give you all three of these important energy saving features: double cavity Uni-Wall Liner with no seams or joints (patented process), Precision placement of insulation, Non-electric anti-condensation system.



Actual savings may vary depending upon climatic conditions, individual usage and electric rate changes. Savings shown are based on estimated residential electricity rates and consumption.

For a free booklet that will let you figure out just how much you can save in your area write: Aeronutronic Ford Corporation, Blue Bell, Pa. 19422



Savings, based on rates in effect from May through August 1975, represent maximum economies available on current performance of Cold Guard Model RD19FB Code 120 compared with the energy consumption of comparable size and type models

of three leading brands as listed in the April 1975 Directory of Certified Refrigerators and Freezers published by the Association of Home Appliance Manufacturers (AHAM). Comparisons show that Model RD19FB uses 32% to 45% less electricity — comparisons for competitive models with anti-sweat heaters are based on average maximum/minimum energy consumption.



THE REFRIGERATOR THAT HELPS PAY FOR ITSELF



1914, A FRAGRANCE CREATES DEEP, DEEP MEMORIES.

Guerlain introduced a perfume named for the twilight, L'Heure Bleue. Now the skies darken and the Western World is swept into the forces of The Great War...

A weary French officer finds a moment of peace. He pulls a letter from his tunic and inhales the fragrance lingering in the worn pages.

It is the fragrance she wore the last night they spent together. L'Heure Bleue, named for that moment when the sky has lost the sun but not yet found the stars.

He reads the letter for the hundredth time...

L'HEURE BLEUE
by Guerlain



**The children are through college
and on their own.
Now it's your future that's important.**



Is this any time to think about a Trust?

These are the good years. The enjoying years. That time when you can afford to do those things you've always wanted to do. Without feeling guilty.

It doesn't seem like the time to think about a trust. But a Living Trust at The First National Bank of Chicago can help make these good years even fuller and richer.

A Living Trust is a property arrangement under which you may employ The First National Bank to manage part or all of your investments or other income producing assets. The trust may be under your control at all times. You determine how the income and principal are to be distributed. You can add or withdraw assets, change or cancel the plan at your discretion.

And with a Living Trust at The First National Bank of Chicago you have the peace of mind of knowing that your assets will always be properly managed. Even if you somehow become incapable of handling your financial affairs. And the trust can carry on after your death, as part of your estate plan. This avoids the delay of probate proceedings for your beneficiaries and provides for them a continuing management of the assets.

Enjoy today, today. With the assurance that tomorrow is well taken care of.

For more information, please write or call
Terence Lilly, Vice President, (312) 732-8440.

**The  First National Bank
of Chicago**

TRUST DEPARTMENT/ONE FIRST NATIONAL PLAZA

Sholem Aleichem, the English of Charles Dickens, the Scots of Robert Burns, the Irish of Sean O'Casey or the Americans of Mark Twain. Read *My Name Is Aram* again, please.

Does Stefan Kanfer perhaps mean "stylized"?

Well, you can't get people into literature by any other method, and it is never "facile." It is both inevitable and the consequence of hard labor; and the desired end is laughing art, because crying art belittles people, whoever they happen by nature to be. We are all Armenians. Let's join Michael J. Arlen in being pleased about that, and then just move along to whatever is next.

William Saroyan
Fresno, Calif.

Bleep Mary

You better believe that TV has grown up [Aug. 25]. So much, in fact, that it has reached a premature senility. Imagine cutting the word virgin from the script of *M*A*S*H* because they are afraid some child is going to ask his parent what a virgin is. Do the censors think we are not intelligent enough to explain it? Oh, and by the way, next Sunday's sermon concerns itself with Jesus and the BLEEP Mary.

Tracey Berse
Howard Beach, N.Y.

Who Owns English?

Your article "Can't Anyone Here Speak English?" [Aug. 25] should be compressed into liquid form and injected into the veins of every schoolchild along with vaccines.

I believe your most fantastic example, however, pales by comparison to one utterance by a representative of our police not long ago. He said, "A number of shots were fired at the deceased person, mortally wounding him."

Glenn Bassett
Los Angeles

What modern language lacks, as does modern culture, is life. *De rigueur* is rigor mortis. The world today is viewing language coming to life; much as the counterculture is bringing life back into humanity. Precision is for machines, hence the worshiping of the precise dead language Latin during the age of machines.

Michael T. Martin
Phoenix, Ariz.

Your issue arrived just as I was reading an ad in the local paper. One of the leading department stores is running quite a sale on handbags. COME IN AND SEE OUR WIDE VARIETY OF STYLINGS AND COLORATIONS, the ad urges.

Perhaps I will, I'm sure they have large numerations of sizings and shap-

ings. A new purse may give me just the right kind of liftation I need to carry me into the coming season.

Ann Goodwillie
Omaha

The proclivity for esoteric words can be valuable. The Apollo-Soyuz rendezvous was called "an androgynous linking." The question of who did it to whom was diplomatically eliminated.

Charles A. Hogan
Trenton, N.J.

In our city, a new apartment complex was advertised as a "pretentious suburban residence surrounded by an extensive landscape," and a particular breed of dog was described in a classified ad as "world renounced."

Georgia Bailey Frost
St. Paul, Minn.

Ut tertius-annus discipulus linguae Latinae, credo ut haec vetus lingua Romanorum sit magnum auxilium ad discendum English. Itaque moneat ut discipuli legant, non Shakespeare, sed Caesar, Nepos, aut Vergil discere English grammarem et compositatem.

Fredrick C. Bader
Bethlehem, Pa.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



SMELLING IS BELIEVING.

The smell of paint is something you'd associate with us.

The smell of perfume, no.

But the fact is, we supply chemicals that put perfume on the right scent.

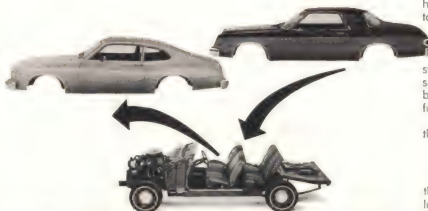
There's the sweet smell of success in lots of things we do. For instance, we're the world's biggest producer of imitation grape flavorings that soft drink manufacturers use. And we're taking the heat off manufacturers with our energy-saving coatings. Not to mention being a leading retailer.

Seems you can always smell a winner.

**SHERWIN
Williams**

NEW

What does



The Detroit concept: Make it look new.

It's probably the most powerful word in advertising.

And often the emptiest.

Because it's been abused so much. Make a modest change in a product and right away it's NEW!

Make two little changes and it's NEW NEW!

Some advertisers have even gone so far as to label their products ALL NEW! Which, if you stop for a moment and analyze it, is somewhat redundant.

Detroit vs. Webster

Let's take the American car manufacturers. And mind you, we don't mean to disparage their craftsmanship, because the fact is, they do make some pretty fine automobiles.

But their misuse of the word "new" would make Webster turn over in his grave.

Last year, almost every major American car manufacturer introduced new outside on old insides. And spent gigantic advertising budgets promoting their NEW cars.

One manufacturer is actually about to launch a major NEW car introduction for an automobile that's been around in Europe for some time now, that they're merely making a few changes and slapping a sleek American body on it.

Are these cars really new? Hardly. Sure, legally they can get away with calling them NEW. However, if the lawyers really wanted to be accurate about it, their advertising should carry a sentence that reads "OUTSIDE NEW ONLY."

The Secret Everybody Knows

Now we all know what "new" really is. It's no great "dark secret" that you

have to go to the top of the mountain to find out.

It's simply that which hasn't existed before.

In the case of an automobile, it's starting from scratch and totally redesigning just about every single part to best fill your needs. Or rather, to best fill the needs of the driver.

Which is exactly what we did with the Volkswagen Rabbit.

Five Long, Hard Years

Five years ago, we set out to design the car of the future. Which may sound like a cliché, but it happens to be true.

We wanted to build the perfect car not only for today, but for the next twenty (maybe more) years.

To do that properly, we had to start from ground zero, taking everything into consideration—primarily economy, handling, safety and comfort.

Let's take economy.

With the price of gas skyrocketing—and no relief in sight—we felt we had to build a car that didn't get good, but great gas mileage.

And so we did. The Rabbit has a unique aerodynamic body design which helps it get an impressive 38 miles per gallon on the highway. (And an equally impressive 24 miles per gallon in the city!)

Big Mileage: No Big Deal

Now there's nothing that extraordinary about getting high gas mileage—if you want to sacrifice performance (which is exactly what most cars do). But we didn't want to. We felt we couldn't. More and more superhigh-

W.

it mean?



The VW concept: Make it new.

ways are being built every day and our car had to be zippy enough to negotiate them.

Well, our engineers figured out a way despite the 38 miles per gallon, to get the Rabbit from 0 to 50 in 8.2 seconds.

To our knowledge, there is no other car in the world—none—that can give you this much gas mileage and this much acceleration together. And there may never be another one.

A Good Handling Car Is a Safe Handling Car

As far as handling goes, we didn't just stop at things like front-wheel drive for better tracking and rack-and-pinion steering (though they make the car handle so well we probably could have). We designed, for example, a totally unique independent stabilizer rear axle. Rather than bore you with the details right now, we think it will suf-

fice to say that this axle significantly increases the stability of the car on rough roads. And therefore the safety.

And speaking of safety, we gave the Rabbit features that you'll find on few other cars in the world. Like something called "negative steering roll radius" which helps bring the car to a straight stop in the event of a front-wheel blow out. "Dual diagonal brakes," which means that if either brake circuit fails, directional stability is maintained. And a uniquely designed double-jointed steering column that breaks aside in the event of impact.

How We Did the Impossible

Our engine, by the way, is what's called a "transverse engine." Which means it's mounted sideways. That's how we were able to

keep the Rabbit so compact on the outside, yet so big and comfortable on the inside (it actually has the same amount of head and leg room as some mid-sized American cars!).

Curl Up With a Good Ad

Most of the incredible features that we've incorporated into this revolutionary automobile we really don't have the space to go into right now. However, you'll get a chance to read about them in detail in future ads we're planning to run. We're certain you'll be quite impressed.

But what will impress you even more is stopping in at a VW dealer and actually seeing the Rabbit in the flesh. And, of course, driving it.

You see, if you're in the market for a new car, we think your hard-earned money deserves more than just the word NEW with an exclamation point after it.

It deserves new, period.

The Amazing Rabbit



TIME

VIOLENCE/COVER STORY

THE GIRL WHO ALMOST KILLED FORD

There was about the incident a sense of chilling *déjà vu*; only this time the President was not riding in a limousine. Instead, Gerald Ford was walking through a group of several hundred admirers in a pleasant, sunlit park in front of the California state capitol at Sacramento, shaking hands with people in his amiable, relaxed way. He was as pleased with his reception as John F. Kennedy had been with the crowds that had come out to meet him that day in Dallas in 1963. Once again, precisely at 9:57 a.m. on Friday, the threat suddenly materialized out of nowhere. A movement in the crowd, a raising of a hand, and to his astonishment, Ford found himself looking down the barrel of a loaded .45 Colt automatic pistol scarcely 2 ft. away. There was a brief flurry, and then the Secret Service subdued a social misfit, a psychological cripple, who might have easily assassinated the President of the U.S.

Her name was Lynette Alice Fromme, and she was the first woman ever to attempt to kill a President of the U.S. Her manner was gentle, and while she was pretty in a freckle-faced, red-haired, little-girl sort of way, she would turn few heads on the street. But the 27-year-old woman behind this innocent façade was anything but normal. In her way, Lynette Fromme was as much a social aberration—an amoral freak—as Lee Harvey Oswald, the kill-

er of John F. Kennedy, or Sirhan Sirhan, who shot to death Robert F. Kennedy, or Arthur Bremer, who crippled Alabama Governor George Wallace. She had been—and still was—an ardent follower of Charles Manson, the psychopathic killer who is now serving a sentence of life imprisonment for committing seven murders, including the vicious slaughters in 1969 of Film Actress Sharon Tate and Leno LaBianca, wealthy owner of a grocery chain. Because her voice was so tiny and high-pitched, Manson had nicknamed her "Squeaky" (see box page 10).

Disturbing Paradox. Squeaky Fromme's mad act in a Sacramento park with a .45 in her small hand had an immediate, sobering effect on the 1976 presidential election campaign. All too clearly, every candidate could visualize

a similar attack being launched against himself. The incident was also a vivid and sickening reminder of one of the most disturbing paradoxes of

America: the fact that such a liberal and free society should somehow generate a sprinkling of warped souls who for dark reasons of their own seek to work out their frustrations by destroying political leaders. The free society has discovered no effective way of identifying and controlling its demons.

Despite the vigilance of the Secret Service, American Presidents traditionally make themselves easy targets for would-be assassins. They love to get out among the people—"to press the flesh," in Lyndon Johnson's homey phrase—to show that they are just plain Americans after all (see *The Presidency*, page 18). No one could reach the White House while campaigning from behind a bulletproof glass. Just hours after his near escape, Gerald Ford was emphatically and calmly telling newsmen that "this incident under no circumstances will

SQUEAKY FROMME FLAUNTING GUNS IN FILM DOCUMENTARY TITLED MANSON



THE NATION



SECRET SERVICE AGENTS HANDCUFF FROMME & FORM CORDON AROUND PRESIDENT

prevent me or preclude me from contacting the American people as I travel from one state to another and from one community to another."

What made the flare of violence in Sacramento especially baffling and frightening for leading American politicians was the fact that Jerry Ford seemed to be as free of the danger of assassination as any man could be—a friendly father figure who excited neither envy nor hatred. But Squeaky Fromme had discovered her own reasons to dislike the man. With Sandra Good, her roommate and another member of the Manson "family," Fromme issued a statement to the press two months ago equating Ford with Richard Nixon, the man whom the clan has always blamed as the source of its troubles with the law. Declared the release: "If Nixon's *(sic)* reality wearing a new face [*i.e.*, Ford] continues to run this country against the law, your homes will be bloodier than the Tate-LaBianca houses and My Lai put together."

Watching Hands. Fromme was ready when Ford flew into town from Portland, Ore., at 10:42 p.m. Thursday. He was accompanied by the standard number of agents in his personal entourage (the exact number is a secret), and there was a relaxed air about the trip. A Secret Service official points out that if there had been any indication of trouble, Ford would not have been allowed to walk anywhere—"He would have been in a car."

Ford spent Thursday night in a suite on the sixth floor of the Senator Hotel, a nine-story Moroccan-style building in downtown Sacramento. On Friday morning he addressed a breakfast gathering of 1,000 prominent citizens, winning solid applause by attacking excessive Government regulation for causing "cost, contradiction and confusion." He was obviously untroubled by a plea from liberal Republicans earlier in the week that he moderate his conservative line. After the breakfast meeting, Ford went back to the hotel and, right on schedule, left at 9:55 to walk a block to the California state capitol, where he had a 10 o'clock appointment with Governor Jerry Brown. At about that time, a small, slim woman wearing a bright red, full-length gown and a matching turban asked a policeman on the street between the hotel and the capitol if the President was coming. He made a noncommittal reply—and Squeaky Fromme waited.

As Ford started across a small park in front of the capitol, he was greeted by bursts of applause from the crowd that had been waiting patiently to see him or perhaps even shake his hand. Head up and smiling, surrounded by aides and Secret Service agents, Ford moved quickly through the park, an athletic, vigorous man obviously enjoying his reception. As the party moved along, the agents carefully watched the hands of the people they were approaching. Says one veteran agent: "You've got to keep an eye on their hands. Sure, you notice



BETTY FORD WELCOMING HOME HER HUSBAND

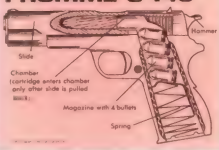
THE NATION

kooks and faces and a lot of other things. But hands are the most important. If somebody is going to try to hurt the President, they'll have to use their hands."

Waiting, the woman in the red dress began to raise her automatic. Near a magnolia tree, Ford paused to shake some hands. He was actually stretching his hand out to the woman in red, according to some witnesses, when he froze for an instant. "I saw a hand coming up between several others in the front row," Ford would later recall, "and obviously there was a gun in that hand." She was no more than 2 ft. away from the big man who made such an easy target. She cried out: "The country is in a mess! This man is not your President!"

Let's Go! White-faced, Ford flinched from the gun. At the same instant, Secret Service Agent Larry Buendorf, 37, lunged forward. A husky athlete, Buendorf easily wrestled the gun

FROMME'S .45



from her grasp and threw her to the ground. With the help of agents and a policeman, he quickly handcuffed her.

Meanwhile, another Secret Service agent shouted: "Let's go!" The command was a signal to tell other agents in the area that Ford was in danger. Swiftly, a cordon of men formed around

the shaken President. Two agents pulled down on his suit jacket, forcing the tall (6 ft. 2 in.) Ford to bend so that he was partially concealed by the group. Then, moving at a brisk walk, the party swept through the park past the startled spectators and into the safety of the capitol.

As the President disappeared, Squeaky Fromme was shouting in her little-girl voice: "He's not a public servant! He's not a public servant!" She

also cried out: "It didn't go off. Can you believe it? It didn't go off."

Why the gun could not go off quickly became clear when the Secret Service examined the 3-lb. Colt automatic. It was loaded with four bullets, but there was no bullet in the chamber ready to be fired (see diagram). To shoot the gun,

THE FAMILY THAT STAYS TOGETHER

Their eyes revealing a horrifying emptiness, the members of the Manson family are once again haunting the headlines. The motley, mixed-up band today numbers about 100, fanned out in communes up and down California. Some Mansonites live in a three-story wood frame house about 30 miles east of Folsom prison where Manson was held for a time. The number of residents varies, but usually includes at least seven women, three men and up to ten children. Lynette ("Squeaky") Fromme and Sandra Good had lived there off and on until last spring.

The only visible hints of potential danger are the hunting knives that some of the women wear on their hips. They finance themselves with welfare and food stamps; one member until recently was garnering simultaneous welfare benefits under three names. They make regular "dump runs" to the rear of markets to scavenge for edibles. LSD may still be indulged in but the main trip now is marijuana.

The group's *raison d'être* remains the glorification of Charles Manson, now 40. So intense is their devotion that

family members have written an eight-page "bible" in which they pledge fealty to Manson as "Father and God to his children." Mansonites have signed their names and placed swastikas, inscribed in blood, alongside some of them. The group's most avid conversations center on his prison activities and the hoped-for day of his release. Despite the glaringly obvious differences between the two cases, Manson nurses vague hopes that one day he might win a reversal similar to the one granted Army Lieut. William Calley.

California law officials have much evidence of a loose, long-standing conjunction between the Manson family and a close-knit, all-white group of 200 inmates spread throughout the California prison system called the Aryan Brotherhood, which shares with the family an intense hatred of blacks. The brotherhood maintains outside links with a profitable drug operation.

When Manson entered prison, he was looking for protection against such prison hassles as homosexual assault and beatings, which the brotherhood

gladly provided. To earn the favor, Manson had the women of the family mail nude photos of themselves to members of the brotherhood, along with promises of sexual favors when the men were released. More important, the girls agreed to serve as messengers to the outside for the brotherhood. "Charlie wants to do easy time," explains a prison official. "He knew the brotherhood could protect him inside, and the communications link is very important to them." The ties are deep and dangerous. Two Manson girls and two members of the brotherhood were arrested in November 1972 for the murder of a young California couple, James and Lauren Willett. All have been jailed.

The pervasive violence terrifies those who have even minimal contact with the family. After conducting a few interviews, at least one journalist has simply given up writing about the group out of cold fear, and for the same reason, a California photographer will not let newspapers that print her pictures of the group credit them to her. Since Manson's trial and imprisonment, a Manson cult of sorts has sprung up, making instant myth of his life of violence. A play by David Rabe, *The Orphan*, tried, with notable lack of success, to

SQUEAKY FROMME APPEARS THIRD FROM RIGHT IN MANSON "FAMILY" PICTURE TAKEN IN 1970



KEEPING—A HEAD-ON VIEW

Fromme would first have had to pull back the slide on top of the pistol, thus forcing a bullet from the clip up into the chamber. After the first shot was fired, the next bullet would have been automatically fed into the chamber.

There is evidence that Fromme was doing her best to shoot the weapon that, at such close range, would almost certainly have killed the President. Some witnesses reported hearing a distinct clicking sound, which could have been made by the hammer snapping forward as she futilely pulled the trigger. In addition, there is the record of what happened to Agent Buendorf when he leaped into action. Instinctively, as he had been trained, Buendorf grabbed for the hammer of the gun, trying to interpose the web of skin between his right thumb and his right forefinger between the hammer and the firing pin. In the confusion, just what happened is not

clear, but Buendorf came away with a cut between thumb and finger, as though he had been caught by the striking hammer.

Once inside the capitol, Ford recovered his aplomb so quickly that he went right on to his meeting with Governor Brown without making any mention of the incident. In fact, Brown did not learn what had happened right outside his office until a Ford aide brought up the matter after half an hour. Later, Ford insisted upon addressing the California legislature as planned, without mentioning what had occurred earlier. He looked wan and was unusually serious. Ironically, his topic was crime. Ford told the lawmakers that he was especially concerned about "the truly alarming increase in violent crime throughout this country" and advocated mandatory sentences "for persons found guilty of crimes involving the use of a dangerous weapon."

Bear Hug. Back in Washington, Betty Ford got the news of the assassination attempt while sitting at the desk in her study, a small, cozy room with a sweeping view of the monuments to Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln. Mrs. Ford had just begun a phone conversation when the call was interrupted: on the line was Richard Keiser, the head of the President's Secret Service detail. Right off, knowing how she would react to his abrupt intrusion, Keiser assured Betty Ford that her husband was all right. Then he told her what had happened. Since moving into the White House, she had accepted almost fatalistically the danger to her husband—the price that goes with a place in history. But this was the first time that she had had to face the stark reality. Outwardly at least, she was calm. "It is something you have to live with," she said. "I'm very grateful to the Secret Service and the great job they do."

Later in the day, Betty and the Ford's sons, Jack, 23, and Steve, 19—tall blond boys in blue jeans and T-shirts—walked out on the White House lawn to greet the big helicopter carrying the President home on the last hop of his trip from Sacramento. Betty greeted her husband with a bear hug, and his sons affectionately draped their arms around his shoulders. The President's reaction to his day was casual and characteristic: "Gee, it's nice to be home." Then he said: "We had a great trip—just a fraction of a second or two kind of distorted things. Everything else was superb." Indeed, Ford went out of his way to reassure Californians that he did not hold the Fromme episode against them. "I wouldn't under any circumstances let one individual's effort undercut the

warmth of what we felt in California."

On the West Coast and in Washington, the Secret Service, the FBI and other law-enforcement agencies worked frantically to learn what motivated the attempted assassination and whether or not Squeaky Fromme had acted alone. Arraigned in Sacramento on a federal charge of attempting to murder the President, which carries a maximum penalty of life in prison, she sat listlessly through the proceedings, making no statement and showing no reaction when her bail was set at \$1 million.

Hunting for clues, Sacramento police went to her attic apartment above a boarding house and took her two roommates, Sandra Good and Susan Murphy, into custody for questioning. Like Good, Murphy was a member of the Manson family. After two hours of interrogation, the two were released without being charged.

Sandra Good later told TIME: "I don't know what state of mind Lyn was in, but I do know that she was concerned that nobody is doing anything for the country. This act was a combination of many problems. She apparently was moved by the disaster facing the country from air and water pollution. Nixon lied to the people, and Ford is continuing to lie to the people. He is not doing anything."

Stop Polluting. Good claimed that she and Fromme were members of an "international people's court" consisting of several thousand members throughout the world, who were prepared to "kill" the polluters of the air and water. Said she: "We're going to start assassinating Presidents, Vice Presidents and major executives of companies. I'm warning these people they better stop polluting or they're going to die."

Squeaky Fromme was also accustomed to using the language of violence. Good was with her in late July when she told a journalist—who insists upon anonymity—that Ford, the creation of Nixon, "would have to pay for what he's doing. Ford is picking up in Nixon's footsteps and he is just as bad." Part of



FROMME (LEFT) & MANSON AT TATE MURDER ARRAIGNMENT
"They all want to be Charlie's girl."

portray Manson as misunderstood victim, oracle and messiah. Author Norman Mailer, although acknowledging that brave people can have destructive qualities, has said of Manson: "As an intellectual, he was brave."

The followers' devotion to Manson goes on unabated. "If Charlie told a girl, 'Hey, baby, go out and snuff [kill] yourself,' she would do it," says a current friend of the family. The girls, he says, believe Manson's arrest was part of a grand design. "He told them that he would go underground and then rise again some day, like Christ," reports the friend. "They think his imprisonment is just that—a forced period underground. They spend all their time preparing themselves for the day he is released—the day he rises."

GOOD & FROMME IN FAMILY PHOTOS



MANSON CLAN'S "BIBLE"



THE NATION

the interview took place in a local cemetery because the girls said they "identified" with the dead. When the newsman asked for more time to talk, Fromme said darkly, "This is nothing to the interview you will get. Something very big is going to happen."

It seemed inconceivable to some California law-enforcement officials

who had worked on the Manson cases that Squeaky Fromme could have acted independently. Says one officer: "For Lynette just to go out on her own and do this doesn't make sense. The clan is just what its name implies—a family. And like a family, they don't operate alone."

In Sacramento, U.S. Attorney

Dwayne Keyes said there was an "assumption" that Fromme had been part of a conspiracy because of the "close connection of the [Manson] group." In Los Angeles, Deputy District Attorney Stephen Kay said flatly: "I think Charles Manson had a hand in it. It's very easy to slip messages in and out of prison." Indeed, officials at San Quentin prison

THE MEMOIRS OF SQUEAKY FROMME

"Charlie tricked us. He tricked all of us girls, and then he tricked some guys. They say he's a con-man, a devil. And that he is."

So begin the recollections of "Squeaky" Fromme, who, like so many others in the Manson gang, wrote her rambling memoirs and harbored vague hopes of getting them published as a book. TIME has obtained part of a neatly typed manuscript that is a sometimes semiliterate mixture of blissful and tawdry. It is laced with descriptions of sexual activity and full of almost self-consciously repeated Freudian clichés about rebelliousness against parents along with a yearning to be dominated by a strong father figure. Apart from her contradictory beginning, Squeaky Fromme most of all expresses her adulation of Charles Manson and describes his perverse attraction. Excerpts.

We all came from houses with doors, doors that were to be closed when there were things going on that we weren't supposed to see, and when our pants were down. Making love was never shown to us. It was explained, as if a chore and a duty, hidden behind those doors. And little by little, action by action, we learned not to believe in anything, and that the word "love" was not understandable, so therefore, not to be discussed often. In essence, we learned all the guilt, the heavy guilt, that makes bad out of feeling good.

Out from under we popped, to get away from those doors, and the chore of it, and find something exciting, and do something that felt good.

My father had kicked me out of his house at the height of an argument over an opinion difference. He had become so enraged. He told me never to come back, and that was all the severance it took. I had no place to go. I stuck out my thumb on a freeway entrance, going through all my tears to Venice, where I remembered beatniks lived. Afraid, with all my books, my dictionary, my eye makeup clutched to me, I sat on a bench staring at the ocean.

Suddenly, an elfish, dirty-looking creature in a little cap hopped over the low wall grinning, saying "What's the problem?" He was either old, or very young. I couldn't tell. He had a two-

day beard and reminded me of a fancy bum—rather elegant, but my fear was up.

"How did you know?" I started to say, and he smiled really bright, and I had the strangest feeling that he knew my thoughts.

"Up in the Haight [San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury] I'm called the gardener," he said. "I tend to all the flower children." My mind was struck with the thought... that a gardener plants seeds, and I became more afraid and clenched



MANSON AWAITING COURT HEARING (1969)

my legs together. "It's alright," he told me, and I could feel in his voice that it was. He had the most delicate, quick motion, like magic, as if glided along by air, and a smile that went from warm daddy to twinkly devil. I couldn't tell what he was.

I was enchanted and afraid all at once, and I put my head down and wished he would go away, and when I looked up, really he was gone! And I turned my head, wanting to talk to him now with urgency. And as soon as I turned back around, there he was again, sitting on the wall, grinning at me. I had only conceived of such things in fairy tales.

"So your father kicked you out," he said with certainty, and once again my

mind went with the wind, and I laughed and relaxed... We talked and I felt very good with him and freer, much freer. "The way out of a room is not through the door," he said, laughing. "Just don't want out and you're free." Then he unfolded a tale of the 20 years he's spent behind bars, of the struggle and the giving up and the loving of himself.

We came back to the fact that I didn't have any place to go. He told me that he was on his way to the woods up north and that I could come with him if I wished. I declined, having obligations to fulfill, having three weeks of my first college semester left. Then I looked at him, wanting to get up, cringing up my face in thought. "Well," he said, moving down the walk. "I can't make up your mind for you." He smiled a soft feeling and was on his way. I grabbed my books, running to catch up with him. I didn't know why—I didn't care—and I never left him!

Squeaky went with Manson and another girl to Haight-Ashbury, where Manson seemed to be a hero, especially to young women. The first girl was dropped and another, Mary, was picked up in Berkeley. Then the three drove in a 1948 Chevrolet to the little town of Casper, where they found other disaffected flower children and settled in a house in the woods. There Charlie ordered her to "take off your clothes." Later, after some hesitation on her part, they had sex for the first time.

I felt close to him and layed my head on his shoulder, wanting a daddy to hold me... I hoped that he would pursue me or touch me, or rape me or anything good really, yet without me giving up to it. It was a little girl-game I wanted to play. But instead he told me: "So, you've been hurt and now you've locked yourself up. You've got your love tied up in the past, and associated with bad or sad experiences. You wanted your daddy to hit you, didn't you?" It was so and I nodded. As all daughters, I had wanted all the attention I could get from my daddy...

Day by day, we became more aware of Charlie, who was ever aware of us and each tree and each branch and each leaf. The way he explained it was this: "What's happened, see, is me not adjusting to the 'Free World.' I've made up my own world. In other words, I didn't and wouldn't adjust to society and their reality of things."

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per cigarette, FTC Report
MAR 75

Six out of seven Americans don't know the cost of nursing home care.

We recently asked a scientifically chosen cross-section of 2,000 Americans this question:

Let's say the hospital care in your community costs \$100 per day; in comparison, what do you think would be the cost of nursing home care, per day?

15% said the cost would be \$80 or more.

3% said it would be \$150.

35% said they didn't know.

Only 14 percent gave the right answer—about \$20 to \$30. We're concerned about this for two reasons. The first is that we fear some people who need nursing home care may not seek it out because they overestimate the cost.

The second reason we are concerned is if the great majority of Americans so grossly overestimate the cost of nursing home care, they may be just as uninformed about the proper role of nursing homes in health care today.

Without nursing homes, people who need long term health care would either have to remain at home, in the care of relatives, friends, or a full-time nurse—or else become long term hospital patients.

Neither alternative is fully acceptable to a growing segment

of our population. The old, the chronically ill, the convalescent of all ages. Today, some 1.1 million Americans are residents of long term care facilities.

There is good reason for confusion about long term care costs. They vary by type of facility, services, your eligibility for Medicare or Medicaid benefits. Most

importantly, they vary by the level of care provided: the home must meet the needs of the resident.

Skilled nursing facilities (SNFs) certified under government programs provide round-the-clock nursing care and restorative health and therapy services.

Certified intermediate care facilities (ICFs) provide health care, social services, room and board for persons not capable of fully independent living. Other types of facilities provide sheltered living, mental health services or day care services on an outpatient basis.

There are many ways to finance nursing home care.

They can include your own funds, social security payments, or assets in escrow or as an endowment.

Medicare and Medicaid benefits include nursing home care under federal/state guidelines. Veterans' groups, trade unions and fraternal organizations frequently offer assistance through health insurance plans.

Plan ahead if you foresee a need in your family. Send for our free booklet, "Thinking About A Nursing Home?" Write us or your state health care association if you have special questions or problems.

Average Daily Costs of All Nursing Homes



Source: Preliminary data from 1973-74 Nursing Home Survey, National Center for Health Statistics (HEW)

ahca American Health Care Association

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Special Reports present a
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The decisions, discoveries,
conflicts and triumphs
that made us the nation
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There are still some things Americans know how to do best.



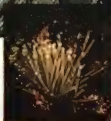
1. One of them is building our phone system. The people of Western Electric and Bell Labs have developed ways to put even more phone conversations on the microwave network—three times more in the last decade—to meet the growing needs of a growing nation.

2. To prepare for those needs, people like Western Electric engineer Chris Zitny and Bell Labs engineer Robert Jackson have helped create electronic switching systems that can route over 350,000 phone calls an hour.

3. At the same time, Bell System people are working on innovative ideas like magnetic bubble “memories” that will help route your call by storing millions of bits of information in space no larger than a business card.



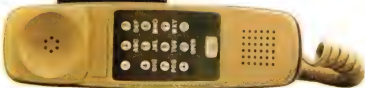
4. Our planning for the future may someday result in your call being carried on a laser beam through a thin thread of glass.



Making a phone call may be a small thing to you. But to us it's a big job. It takes a delicately balanced network of some million million parts for you to reach the one phone you want out of 140 million.

Working with Bell Labs and your phone company, we at Western Electric help make sure that all the parts work together with just one goal in mind:

Making your phone system the best system in the world.



Western Electric

We're part of the Bell System.
We make things that bring people closer.

THE NATION

near San Francisco, where Manson is locked up, acknowledged that the mass murderer had frequently corresponded with Fromme by regular mail. A prison spokesman said that Manson had learned of the act through the prison grapevine shortly after it happened. Reportedly, Manson reacted with surprise to the news, declaring, "Oh, my God!"

Squeaky Fromme, daughter of a well-to-do aeronautical engineer in Redondo Beach, Calif., was one of the first people to join Manson's demonic tribe in 1967, after she dropped out of El Camino College in Torrance, Calif. Her life in the self-styled family revolved around drugs, depraved sex and devotion to Manson, who made her his "main lady." As she testified at his murder trial in 1971: "We were riding on the wind. You could say that it's a nonsense world of *Alice in Wonderland*, but it makes a lot of sense. Everybody makes their own [rules], and you get what you put out."

Blood Testing. She turned out to be one of Manson's shrewdest, toughest and most slavishly obedient followers. When the clan lived on a Death Valley ranch, Manson assigned Squeaky to take care of the ranch's 81-year-old blind owner, George Spahn, in the hope—futile, in the end—that she would inherit the property. Said Manson follower Danny DeCarlo: "She had George in the palm of her hand. She cleaned for him, cooked for him, balanced his checkbook, made love with him." She was also in charge of selling the autos, dune buggies and other assorted loot stolen by Manson's disciples.

After Manson's arrest in 1969, Squeaky took command of the clan and its hand-to-mouth living arrangements. With a handful of other followers, mostly women, she perched on the steps of the Los Angeles courthouse during the trial, shaved her head to protest his conviction and gouged an X into her forehead as a sign of loyalty. She later explained: "We have Xed ourselves out of this world." Prosecutor Vincent Bugliosi wrote in his book *Helter Skelter* that the mutilations became a ritual for new members, "complete to tasting the blood as it ran down their faces."

Although Squeaky was not implicated in the Tate or LaBianca slaughters, she was arrested more than a dozen times on various charges, ranging from drug possession to murder. In 1972 Squeaky and four other Manson followers were charged with killing an associate, Lauren Willett, 19, after a falling out. Her body was buried under a house in which the family members had been living. But charges against Squeaky were eventually dropped because of insufficient evidence. Her only convictions have been for relatively minor offenses. In 1971, for example, she and three other clan members were sentenced to 90 days in jail for trying to prevent a former fellow disciple from testifying at Manson's trial by allegedly feeding her an LSD-laced hamburger.

Since Manson's conviction and life sentence, Squeaky has lived in various parts of California, including the San Fernando Valley, Monterey, San Francisco and Sacramento, where she rented an apartment to be near Manson after he was transferred to Folsom prison. With at least three other Manson women, she shared a dilapidated apartment on P Street, only a few blocks from the capitol grounds, where last week's attempt on President Ford's life took place. Prison authorities refused their dozen requests to visit Manson. Bugliosi has called her the "chief cheerleader of the Manson cause." Indeed, she has continued trying to recruit new members, but without apparent success. She has also attempted—usually in vain—to keep members from deserting the group.

In recent months she and her roommates have donned long red robes and red turbans, the outlandish habit of their newly proclaimed religious order, which prays for Manson's miraculous return to freedom. As Squeaky told an interviewer: "We're nuns now, and we wear red robes. We're waiting for our Lord, and there's only one thing to do before he comes off the cross, and that's clean up the earth. Our red robes are an example of new morality. We must clean up the air, the water and the land. They're red with sacrifice, the blood of the sacrifice."

Former Los Angeles Detective Robert Halder, who led the investigation of the Tate murder case, says of Fromme: "The girl must've been on at least 1,000 acid trips in her life. It just was not possible to hold a rational conversation with her." Still other people note her recent talk in praise of violence and killing and regard her as capable of almost anything. Last July she threatened Rodney Angove, a reporter for the Associated Press in Sacramento, when he refused to write a story about a press release from Manson attacking Nixon. "It's your life that's on the line," she told him. "That message has got to go out."

Law officials who knew the Manson family were not at all surprised that Fromme found the courage to confront the President with a .45 in her hand. Bugliosi, now in private practice, ticked off four reasons she might have done it. "First, the entire Manson family religion is based on killing. They enjoy it. Second, their purpose has always been to draw attention to themselves and to shock the world. Third, as recently as a month ago, Manson was accusing Nixon of the responsibility for his conviction, and Ford was appointed by Nixon. Fourth, there is a lot of competition between the girls, and Squeaky was trying to impress Charlie. They all want to be Charlie's girl."

Bugliosi describes Fromme as "intelligent and articulate, except when it comes to Manson, who she believes is the Second Coming of Christ." Several years ago, she spoke frankly about her views in a film documentary titled *Mans-*



FROMME (LEFT) & GOOD IN CEMETERY
An identification with death.

son, which will soon be re-released. At one point, Fromme says, "Every girl should have a daddy just like Charlie." She adds: "Whatever we need to do, we do. We respond. We respond with our knives. It feels good to be ready to face death and love..."

Trying to explain Fromme's fascination with violence, Dr. Louis Jolyon West, head of the psychiatry department at U.C.L.A., points out that she was part of a group whose members all were paranoid to varying degrees. "They all suffered from a group syndrome," he says. "There was a pattern of holding to false beliefs with even greater conviction and emotional commitment than a normal person's beliefs that are subject to the laws of evidence. They were being victimized by conspiracies and plots coming from very high levels of Government. This affirms the grandiosity of their self-image, and it justifies the violence with which they strike back."

Class Hatred. Psychiatrist Harry L. Kozol, director of the Massachusetts Research Program on the Study of Dangerous Persons, thinks that Fromme may really have been striking at Nixon when she took aim at Ford. Broadly speaking, adds Kozol, assassinations are eruptions of bitter class hatred. "By killing a member of a more powerful group," he says, "the assassin not only exercises class hatred but builds up egoism and self-confidence."

However well he conceals it, every leading American politician is acutely aware that some day he may be the target of the wild frustrations of a psycho-

Is the Roving Worth the Risk?

Over these past decades we have modernized almost everything, dramatically altering our styles in food, thought and even love. But our political process, while it has adapted some of the new machines to its purposes, remains a Stone Age device.

And so once again on a calm Friday afternoon all the old fear from Dallas bubbled up against the hearts of Americans. What happened on the sunny street of Sacramento cannot be dismissed in a few days. It casts its shadow over the entire presidential campaign and each of the contenders. In the compressed and angry American society of 1975, the risks are too great for the President and the men who want the job to wander casually through the populace wringing hands and squeezing elbows. It is a bitter note for politicians after almost 200 years of open campaigning in a free society, but politics like many of our other institutions needs modifying before more disasters overtake us.

The odds cannot be reduced entirely: the militant Puerto Ricans who in 1950 tried to gun their way through the front door of Blair House, where Harry Truman was staying, came alarmingly close to success. Lyndon Johnson told and retold the story that during his own presidency a dozen or so men had scaled the 8-ft. White House fence and made their way up to the mansion before being apprehended.

It also is as near a fact as anything can be that any President or candidate is going to insist on some public appearances as long as this nation is not a police state. But we can make some changes. Presidential travel and campaigns have become huge and frantic spectacles. The size of the crowds at airports and along motorcade routes has become a bogus measure of political popularity.

The impact of these presidential excursions is almost unmeasurable in real political terms. It was calculated that when Richard Nixon ran for office in 1968



GEORGE WALLACE AFTER HE WAS SHOT IN 1972

he saw about 1.5 million people in rallies and along parade streets. When that figure is modified to allow for children and non-voters, it is a good bet that any candidate or President can come into the real line of sight of only a tiny fraction of the voters.

There are signs that even local interest in such forays is lessening as the ritual has become so repetitive. Ford did not draw a full house at the American Legion convention in the Minneapolis Convention Center last month.

The intelligent discussion of issues and ideas can be conducted in Washington and beamed out effectively to any corner of this nation. For all the talk of getting back to the grass roots to find out what is really going on, there is little chance that a President or a serious candidate can learn very much by his thunderous hopping from airport to airport, surrounded by security forces and staff members. A President who wants to know the true national sentiment can learn it with an open mind and a genuine desire to know.

Vestiges of the torchlight era of politics can be retained if sentiment demands it. There can be visits to cities, carefully planned rallies. But surely the number of trips, the motorcades, the shopping-center hoopla, the airport greetings and the curbside handshaking can be reduced.

A good many thoughtful men believe the American people are far ahead of the politicians in this matter, and would welcome a calmer and more substantive debate of the issues by the President and the challengers. The main problem seems to be the men themselves. There is some evidence that Ford's tumultuous roving not only takes him away from his desk at times when he should be there, but also that it is having a negative effect on his political standing. His talk is not matched by his action.

Ford is a creature of habit. He is doing what he did for 25 years as a Congressman. It is, some have suggested, what he does best. Before he entered the Oval Office he was away 200 nights in some years, giving forgettable speeches. The ritual has been elevated now that he is in the presidency, but its basic ingredients are the same. Is the risk worth it? The answer is the same as it was in Dallas—when the gun went off. The old political urge to stand before any audience in any part of this nation will never die, but in this fragile and worried time the national interest dictates more caution from the White House.

path—"the kind of sullen person who broods in rooming houses," in the striking phrase of Democratic Presidential Candidate Morris Udall. The news of Ford's near escape from death made the current presidential candidates, avowed or coy, even more apprehensive, but they were saying little about their concerns in public.

One of the few to speak out was Udall. Said he: "I do really regret that of all the advanced industrial societies, we seem to be the one that is most inclined toward this sort of thing, but this will not change my plans in the slightest." Nor, friends were saying, would the incident alter the activities of the two men who have the most reason to fear the Squeaky Frommes of the world. When, as expected, Alabama's George Wallace announces for the presidency, he will still campaign as vigorously as possible, fighting the paralysis caused by the bullets fired by Arthur Bremer. Would the Governor keep out of crowds? a newsman asked one of Wallace's aides. "Of course not," he replied. "You can't campaign away from crowds."

Senator Edward Kennedy, who is still resolutely declaring that he will not seek the Democratic nomination, will continue to travel the country as before. Kennedy has put the problem this way: "If someone in my position doesn't realize the danger, he'd be a fool. But anybody who lets that danger paralyze him is useless." On the day that Ford was in Sacramento, Kennedy was in Seattle to dedicate a cancer center.

Death Threats. One result of last week's scare was a prompt move to give Secret Service protection to all major presidential candidates, declared or otherwise, a service that is now provided only to Ford and Vice President Nelson Rockefeller. "The protection will begin as soon as possible—right now," said Senator Mike Mansfield, a member of the special congressional committee that is empowered to work out who is eligible to be guarded.

The grim reality, however, is that even the skill and dedication of agents like Larry Buendorf cannot guarantee the safety of a political leader against the cunning of a psychopath who is determined to kill—and who knows, far better than Squeaky Fromme, how to operate a gun. There are 47,000 potentially dangerous persons in the Secret Service files, and no one knows how many tens of thousands of others have still not surfaced. With a staff of only 1,300 agents, the Secret Service is hard pressed to fulfill its present duties and to check out every one of the 100 death threats Ford receives on the average every month.

The Secret Service was informed that Fromme was in the Sacramento area, but decided that there was no need to put a special watch on her. From what it knew of Fromme's statements, the agency did not feel that she posed a dan-

THE NATION

gerous threat to the President. Ideally, the Secret Service should be able to keep tabs on every suspect. But Douglas V. Duncan, head of the Secret Service unit in Sacramento, points out, "We don't have enough agents for that kind of thing."

There will never be enough agents, nor can all the danger be eliminated by passing strict gun-control laws. Such legislation would certainly help counter the rising rate of street crime, but psychiatrists point out that a person who is crazed enough to want to kill a national political figure would somehow find a way to get his hands on a weapon. Ford's proposed gun legislation, now lying fallow in Congress, is aimed mainly at curbing the spread of "Saturday night specials"—cheap, small-caliber pistols. The .45 Colt automatic operated by Squeaky Fromme is not covered by the proposal.

Harrowing Warning. Faced with these harsh facts of political life, Jerry Ford still plans to carry on his work—and his election campaign for 1976—just as before. "You can't shut down the presidency," notes one White House aide. This week Ford will visit New Hampshire to campaign on behalf of Republican Senatorial Candidate Louis Wyman, and on Friday and Saturday he will fly off on another trip blending politics and presidential affairs, touring St. Louis and Kansas City, Mo., and then ending in Dallas. His aides expect that, as always, Ford will be making his hand-shaking forays into crowds of Americans. "It's a dreadful thing to contemplate," says one top White House assistant, "but every time the President steps off a plane, he risks his life. Yet he can't just put himself behind barriers. That would indicate a complete lack of confidence."

Ford will be going on the trip with more on his mind than Squeaky Fromme and the sight of her .45 coming up through the crowd. Last week, almost unnoticed in the flurry about the incident in Sacramento, federal authorities in Santa Barbara, Calif., jailed two drifters on charges of threatening to kill the President. When police arrested Gary S. DeSur, 31, and Preston M. Mayo, 24, for stealing a television set, they discovered notes outlining a plot to assassinate Ford during his visit to Sacramento. Santa Barbara Detective Robert A. Zapata reported that the notes told how the two men had planned to break into an armory in San Francisco "and get guns, a sniper scope and dynamite."

As the presidential campaign begins to quicken, and the candidates become more prominent, the threat can come from anywhere at any time. Some of the worst products of American society can suddenly lash out at some of the best. The most harrowing warning came from Squeaky Fromme herself. In the documentary *Manson*, she coolly pointed out: "Anybody can kill anybody."



LEE HARVEY OSWALD UNDER ARREST IN DALLAS AFTER KENNEDY ASSASSINATION

FBI

The Oswald Cover-Up

What if Aaron Burr had been a bad shot? What if Lincoln had not attended *Our American Cousin*? Such questions, history's most tantalizing and ironic, are also its most academic and trivial—except in some extraordinary instances. One such instance is now coming to light. The FBI is investigating the previously unrevealed fact that a few days before President Kennedy's assassination on Nov. 22, 1963, Lee Harvey Oswald dropped in at the bureau's Dallas office to deliver a threatening note. Not only did the Dallas FBI fail to put Oswald under surveillance, but FBI officials destroyed the note after Kennedy's death and then withheld all knowledge of the affair from the Warren Commission.

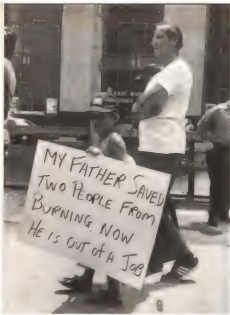
Back in 1964, of course, the FBI told the commission that Oswald and his Russian-born wife Marina were no strangers to the bureau. Both had been the subjects of routine interviews the FBI conducted at that time with people who had lived in Communist countries. Dallas Agent James P. Hosty Jr., who had been keeping an eye on Marina throughout 1963, spoke with her early in November. Hosty told the Warren Commission that Mrs. Oswald had been "quite alarmed" by the interview. He did not mention, however, that Lee Oswald later visited his office, delivering a note warning the FBI to leave his wife alone. The bureau, preparing for Kennedy's trip to Dallas, did give the Secret Service the name of a potentially dangerous person in the area, but it was not Oswald.

Earlier this summer, the astonishing tale came to the attention of Tom Johnson, 33, former assistant press secretary to President Johnson and now publisher of the *Dallas Times Herald*. The *Times Herald* held off publishing its discovery for almost two months to give the FBI a chance to determine its accuracy. The story ran last week, under Johnson's by-

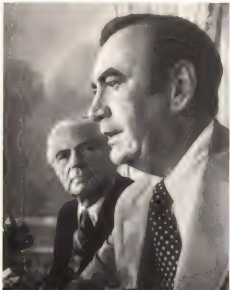
line, after FBI Director Clarence M. Kelley issued a statement to the *Times Herald* confirming its scoop. "FBI inquiries to date," declared Kelley, "establish that the note contained no references to President Kennedy or in any way would have forewarned of the subsequent assassination." Kelley added that the bureau's investigations "tend to corroborate that shortly after the assassination, the note in question was destroyed." But he did not say who might have destroyed it.

Index Number. FBI sources close to the investigation believe, however, that the note was more ominous than Kelley implied, and that the bureau's inspectors have learned that Oswald specifically threatened to take action against the Government. Just after the assassination, anguished FBI men in Dallas asked their superiors in Washington for guidance about the note. According to present and former FBI officials, John P. Mohr, then the bureau's administrative chief, told the Dallas agents to destroy it. That probably required considerable ingenuity, because the note had been assigned an index number and filed away. Subsequently, a former FBI official told *TIME*, the bureau deliberately concealed what had happened from the Warren Commission. Said this official: "The truth was that the FBI had information that Oswald intended to take action of some kind." Many agents aware of the cover-up—including James Hosty—were reportedly deeply upset.

Mohr, who retired in 1972 after nearly 40 years with the FBI, denies any knowledge of Oswald's note or its disappearance. So, too, do his former aides in the administrative division: Nicholas P. Callahan, James B. Adams and Eugene W. Walsh. The continuing FBI investigation is especially sensitive because these men now hold three of the bureau's five top jobs. Many agents, in fact, believe that the trio actually runs the FBI—with a little behind-the-scenes counsel from Mohr.



FIREMAN & SON LAMENT LAYOFF



ABE BEAME & HUGH CAREY



NEW YORK

Last Chance for the Big Apple

"Do we want people 50 or 100 years from now to look back and say that we here, today, sat back and allowed this city to die?" That question was posed last week by Investment Banker Felix Rohatyn as he and other defenders of New York's fiscal integrity fought their most desperate battle so far to keep the city from defaulting. Such a default could have potentially grave consequences for many other city governments. Against the odds, Rohatyn & Co. appeared to be prevailing—temporarily. A plan patched together by Governor Hugh Carey and the Municipal Assistance Corporation (Big Mac) to raise some \$2 billion over the next three months seemed to gain grudging acceptance among New York legislators, who will vote on the proposal this week.

Even if the legislators approve and all the pieces of the complex package hold together, the nation's biggest and most debt-ridden city will get merely another brief breather. The \$2 billion will tide it over until December. Between then and the end of the fiscal year, next June, New York must beg or borrow yet another \$3 billion or so. It can accomplish this only if it can market bonds to the nation's investors, who have lately viewed New York's paper as a pox. To regain their confidence and start putting its finances in order, the city has had to surrender a sizable chunk of home rule to the state.

Lesser Evil. Under Carey's proposal, an Emergency Financial Control Board will be set up to supervise the city finances and try to make outgo match income. The board will consist of Carey, Mayor Abraham Beame, the state and city controllers, and a fifth member appointed by the Governor. Obviously, Carey will take command. The board will stay in existence until the city's accumulated deficit is wiped out, a date that nobody can predict.

Carey's legislation also includes a contingency plan in case everything fails and the city defaults. Basically, the city would be given 90 days after a default to arrange a schedule for deferred payment of all its debts. If the schedule is accepted by the state supreme court and followed in good faith, creditors' suits would be rejected. Carey's proposal to raise \$2 billion or so seemed to be the lesser evil. Said Rohatyn, who played a key role in selling the package to Albany's legislators: "I told them I was bringing them essentially a rotten choice. They were being asked to choose between a default—a known, unquestionable, terrible catastrophe right now—and a complicated long shot carrying its own high level of risk. The state's credit is involved either way."

According to the plan, the state will try to borrow \$750 million and invest it

in Big Mac bonds. State and city pension funds will buy another \$750 million of the bonds, the State Insurance Fund will take \$100 million and the city sinking funds \$180 million. In addition, New York banks have agreed to provide \$406 million by rolling over short-term city notes that they hold and buying or underwriting Big Mac bonds. Finally, big property owners have pledged to prepay \$150 million in real estate taxes.

Upstate Republicans were wary of laying out so much state money, but they were not overtly hostile. Senate Majority Leader Warren Anderson was impressed by the consensus behind the plan. "Beame is completely on board," he said. "He should have been there three months ago. It would have saved us a lot of time and trouble."

Until late in the week, Abe Beame was struggling to prevent the loss of the power that he had exercised so inadequately during the months of mounting crisis. In the bunker atmosphere of city hall, one die-hard loyalist muttered that Carey and his aides were out to "destroy" the mayor. But the Board of Estimate, the city's principal governing body, decided reluctantly to support the Carey plan as the only alternative to default. In the end, after winning some token concessions from Carey, Beame gave in.

The mayor's belated conversion did not end all opposition to the plan, especially from liberal Democrats. Said Seymour Posner, a state assemblyman from The Bronx: "I got a call at 3:30 today telling me what the party line is. By 4 o'clock, I was already being threatened." Democratic liberals in the assembly, particularly blacks and Puerto Ricans, harbored populist fears that the bankers, who advise Carey and demand austerities, were about to take over the city. "They have no feeling for the poor," said Buffalo Assemblyman Arthur Weis. City Councilman Theodore Weiss echoed a familiar hyperbole: "This may be the last day for democracy in New York."

Voluntary Bankruptcy. At the other extreme, some experts argued that a default was not only inevitable but might be therapeutic. In a lead editorial, *The Wall Street Journal* urged the city to declare voluntary bankruptcy. That, said the *Journal*, would enable New York to make orderly payments to creditors and rewrite its laws and contracts to reduce its chockingly generous payments for municipal wages, pensions, welfare and other services.

In Washington, President Ford met for 45 minutes with Carey and again turned down pleas for any form of federal bail-out. Said Treasury Secretary William Simon: We "will do nothing to help the city avoid default or lead it out of bankruptcy." Chairman Arthur



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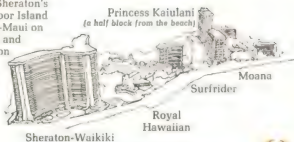
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**"Gravel pits and quarries
are a noisy and dusty
nuisance."**

Two simplistic points of view. Each valid. Each somewhat at variance with the other.

Aggregate mining operations can indeed inconvenience people living and working near them. The machinery can cause noise. Excavating can cause dust. Hauling equipment and materials in and out can result in increased traffic. Sand and gravel mining can also deface the natural landscape. Consequently, some communities have forced close-in mining operations to shut down.

At the same time—crushed rock, sand, and gravel are vital to today's building industry. They are among the few low-cost materials left. And a significant factor in their low cost is the location of quarries close to construction sites.

When pits and quarries are forced to locate in remote areas, transportation costs climb. That makes the price of sand, gravel and crushed stone go up.

This means paying more for road construction. It means higher price tags on new homes, schools and office buildings. And further depression of an already slumping housing market.

Facing facts squarely, we need to minimize dust and noise and restore mined lands to attractive usable condition. Responsible producers are doing so now. We must be willing to pay for that protection, reflected in the price of sand and gravel.

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simple solutions.
Only
intelligent
choices.**



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**"Sand, stone and gravel
are vital to the way
we live."**

Burns reiterated that the Federal Reserve Board would not guarantee the city's bonds and notes to make them marketable. The Fed argues that even if New York City defaults on all its paper, no large bank will fail.

But many influential Congressmen from outside New York were beginning to worry about the impact a default would have on their home districts. A number of them—Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, House Speaker Carl Albert, House Banking Committee Chairman Henry Reuss—began calling for some additional long-term federal help for all cities. A main reason was that New York's agony has made it costlier and tougher for many other cities to raise money from investors.

Jumping Turnstiles. For New York, says Rohatyn, default would probably mean "a business exodus and, more generally, a draining away of vitality." Businessmen who own New York bonds and use them as collateral for loans would have a hard time renewing their loans. Bankers who have underwritten the city's bonds and notes might be hit by lawsuits from investors, claiming that the underwriters should have known and disclosed the true financial condition of New York. Worried about the city's future, more and more corporations might abandon the nation's biggest headquarters town.

Despite these prospects, some New Yorkers are not prepared for even initial austerity. The teachers' union was threatening a strike last week over city attempts to increase their duties and class size and eliminate some jobs (see EDUCATION). Congressman Herman Badillo and Congresswoman Bella Abzug urged New Yorkers to refuse to pay the new transit fare, raised last week from 35¢ to 50¢. In parts of the city, protesters jumped subway turnstiles. At least in one case, they provoked a bloody confrontation with police.

Yet if New York is ever to be made whole, there will have to be many more cuts in subsidies, services, payrolls and pensions. To avoid default, the city needs to reduce spending for its huge and underused hospital system, its university, its welfare services and its bloated and underworked bureaucracy.

The question of default now rests heavily on the performance of the Emergency Financial Control Board, the surrogate mayor of New York City. Assuming that the \$2 billion financial package holds up, the board will have three months in which to devise a program that can start to put the city on a sound financial basis. If the board succeeds, Rohatyn is hopeful the Federal Government at last may lend some kind of support to Big Mac bonds—a guarantee if the paper is subject to federal taxation. New York, in effect, has a new government with a more decisive politician, Hugh Carey, at its head. It is probably the city's last chance for a financial turnaround.

THE VICE PRESIDENT

A Place to Call Home

This week, 186 years after John Adams was sworn into the job, the U.S. Vice President and his family will at last get an officially designated home of their own. It is Admiral's House, a three-story gabled and turreted white brick Victorian mansion of 33 rooms on Embassy row, 2½ miles northwest of the White House. But the 82-year-old Admiral's House has proved to be something of a rusty boat since Congress captured it by Executive fiat from the Navy, which had used it since 1928 to quarter the families of the chiefs of naval operations. The last resident, Admiral Elmo Zumwalt, declared the house "a fire hazard," worried over the faulty electrical wiring, and complained that the roof and walls leaked. To make the place more livable, Congress has appropriated \$485,000 for renovations, including installation of central air conditioning and a new heating system.

Gerald and Betty Ford, who were scheduled to attend last Sunday's first of nine housewarming buffet suppers for members of Congress and other luminaries, were supposed to move into the house themselves during Ford's vice presidency. But a funny thing happened on the way from their home in suburban Alexandria, Va. So the new residents are, of course, Nelson and Happy Rockefeller, who will not move in until January, after the new heating-cooling system is installed. Even then, Happy and their sons Nelson Jr., 11, and Mark, 8, will spend much of their time in the family homes in New York and on Washington's Foxhall Road.

They have decked their official home with a handsome set of artworks, including 15 to 20 items from Rocky's personal collection. For the master bedroom they have donated the famous \$35,000 "cage" bed designed by Surrealist Max Ernst, which will remain after the family leaves.

It has a seven-foot mink coverlet, trap doors for lamps, telephones and stereo controls, as well as accompanying sun and moon medallions at the head and foot, and a lithograph of Ernst's painting *The Great Ignoramus*. The Rockefellers have also contributed a dozen pieces of furniture, including Korean and Japanese chests, which will remain after the family vacates the house.

In her first attempt at decorating since she married Nelson Rockefeller twelve years ago, Happy Rockefeller has given the house a soothing cast of whites and beiges, enlivened with comfortable furnishings in warm earth tones. Among the buffet guests invited to ogle the digs were Movie Idol Cary Grant, TV Hostess Barbara Walters, Astronaut Alan Shepard and Publisher William Randolph Hearst. Happy Rockefeller will not be standing on ceremony with any of them. "I just want everyone to feel they can have a good time," she says, "and put their feet up and relax." She does contemplate one further addition: a swing on the huge white oak tree beside the house. "I love to swing," she notes ebulliently. "It clears the head."

MAX ERNST BED IN THE MASTER BEDROOM



THE SECOND FAMILY'S FIRST OFFICIAL HOUSE



ALCOVE IN THE RECEPTION HALL



EGYPTIANS (LEFT) & ISRAELIS SIGN SINAI ACCORD IN GENEVA'S PALAIS DES NATIONS AS GENERAL SILASVUO (CENTER) LOOKS ON

THE WORLD

MIDDLE EAST

American Triumph and Commitment

On the stroke of 5 last Thursday afternoon, doors parted in the ornate council chamber of Geneva's Palais des Nations, and a four-man Egyptian delegation marched solemnly into the cavernous chamber. Minutes later, from another doorway, appeared three Israeli representatives. Face to face for the first time in 15 months, representatives of the two longtime Middle East antagonists took seats at tables carefully spaced 25 feet apart. Between them, at a third table, sat Finnish General Ensio Silasvuo, commander of United Nations peace-keeping forces in the Middle East.

No Smiles. The two delegations studiously ignored each other, staring blankly into space or at Silasvuo. Eventually, he passed out the giant blue folders containing the nine articles of accord and accompanying maps for a second-stage disengagement agreement between Israeli and Egyptian forces in Sinai. Without comment, representatives of each side—Major General Taha Maghdoub for the Egyptians and Ambassador-designate to Paris and longtime Prime Ministerial Adviser Mordechai Gazit for the Israelis—signed. After Silasvuo signed on behalf of the U.N., he asked, "The ceremony is over. Are there any points to be raised?" The delegates shook their heads. Then, as stiffly as they had arrived, each side marched out of the chamber.

Thus, almost two years since they last went to war and in a grim, uneasy and almost anticlimactic milepost of history, Israel and Egypt formally accepted what U.S. Secretary of State Henry

Kissinger described as "the most sweeping document since Israel was made a state, a gigantic political agreement." If that was hyperbole, Kissinger could easily be forgiven. He had fathered the agreement and had cajoled, nudged and pressured both sides into accepting it. The Israelis were particularly resentful of that pressure and during the negotiations there was a coolness between them and the Americans that did not exist before. Beneath the veneer of friendship was a keen sense of hurt on the part of the Israelis. One of their negotiators told TIME's Diplomatic Editor Jerrold L. Schecter that "our relationship will never be the same again. Things were said and done that have left a black mark."

In its general outline, the agreement was similar to the one Kissinger had come frustratingly close to achieving on his abortive March shuttle. Since then, the Secretary has worked patiently to narrow the gap on specific details that separated the two parties—and to restore his credibility as the world's premier diplomatic negotiator. His latest display of shuttle magic involved 13 flights between Alexandria and Jerusalem in two weeks, and at least a dozen tough negotiating sessions in each country. As Egyptian President Anwar Sadat put it, "Dr. Kissinger has had a hell of a time on both sides."

Despite the hassling over last-minute details, many of which still remain to be worked out by Israeli and Egyptian delegates in Geneva under General Silasvuo's supervision during the next two

weeks, there were no real surprises in the final accord. The general principles had been more or less accepted by both sides before Kissinger undertook his shuttle (TIME cover, Aug. 25). The Israelis agreed to move their troops out of the Mitla and Giddi passes in Sinai and also turn back to Egypt the Abu Rudeis oilfields captured during the Six-Day War. Egypt agreed in writing to let Israeli nonmilitary cargoes pass through the Suez Canal. Both sides agreed that the Middle East conflict should not be resolved by force and that neither side should "resort to the threat or use of force or military blockade." That fell short of the formal promise of nonbelligerency that Jerusalem demanded of Cairo, but the statement was the closest thing to a declaration of peaceful intentions toward Israel made by an Arab nation since the 1948 Armistice.

Civilian Experts. The Geneva accord, which will remain in force for the next three years, was unquestionably an American diplomatic triumph; but it involved an unprecedented American commitment to help maintain peace in the Middle East. The most widely debated proviso of the agreement is an article stipulating that the U.S. will send up to 200 civilian electronics experts to maintain surveillance stations in Sinai that will monitor troop and aircraft movements and report true violations. Israel refused to ratify the pact without U.S. surveillance. Although not explicitly part of the deal, \$2.3 billion in military aid for Israel in fiscal '76, as well as \$700 million for Egypt, will now be

TV service technicians name Zenith for the two things you want most in color TV.

I. Best Picture.

In a recent nationwide survey of independent TV service technicians, Zenith was named more than any other brand, as the color TV with the best picture.

Question: In general, of the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say has the best overall picture?

Answers:

Zenith.....	36%
Brand A.....	20%
Brand B.....	10%
Brand C.....	7%
Brand D.....	6%
Brand E.....	3%
Brand F.....	2%
Brand G.....	2%
Brand H.....	2%
Brand I.....	1%
Other Brands.....	3%
About Equal.....	11%
Don't Know.....	4%

Note: Answers total over 100% due to multiple responses.

II. Fewest Repairs.

In the same survey, the service technicians named Zenith as the color TV needing the fewest repairs. By more than 2-to-1 over the next brand.

Question: In general, of the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?

Answers:

Zenith.....	38%
Brand A.....	15%
Brand C.....	8%
Brand D.....	4%
Brand B.....	3%
Brand I.....	3%
Brand F.....	2%
Brand E.....	2%
Brand G.....	1%
Brand H.....	1%
Other Brands.....	4%
About Equal.....	14%
Don't Know.....	9%

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presented for congressional approval by the Ford Administration. The U.S. will also guarantee oil for Israel to replace supplies previously provided by Abu Rudeis.

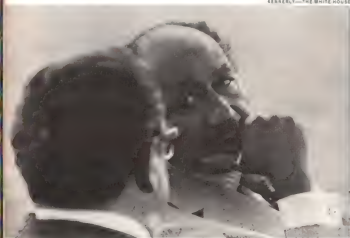
Reaction to the agreement throughout the world was less than euphoric. Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko is co-chairman with Kissinger of the Geneva Peace Conference. Obviously angered and frustrated that they could contribute nothing to the new Sinai accord, the Russians refused to attend the signing of the articles—thereby forcing the U.S. to stay away as well. The Soviet press, which until last week had scarcely noticed Kissinger's shuttle, denounced the new agreement as "potentially dangerous" and "neglectful" of Arab needs. Understandably, the accord was bitterly attacked by Yasser Arafat, leader of the Palestine Liberation Organization (see box page 28).

Swinging through other Middle East

Kissinger, Sadat and Israeli Premier Yitzhak Rabin quickly moved—in differing ways and against widely varying kinds and degrees of opposition—to justify the accords. To head off congressional worries that the American commitment to provide electronics experts might become a new Viet Nam adventure, President Ford and Kissinger met last week with leaders of the House and Senate at the White House. Over coffee and rolls, Ford argued that members of the National Security Council and the Joint Chiefs of Staff had agreed that U.S. involvement was worth the effort. It was a gamble, conceded the President, but the alternative was an "inevitable" war within six to twelve months. Kissinger added that the U.S. does not guarantee the accord itself and the agreement was "a victory for the modern Arabs over the radical Arabs." At the end of the two-hour session, congressional leaders agreed that both hous-

es were willing to sign a peace agreement with Israel and, obviously more in sorrow than in anger, chided "our brother in arms," Syria, for criticizing the accord. "I tell you that we have had offers to regain all of Sinai, if we would agree to end the state of belligerency. But I refused. If all we wanted was Sinai, we would by now have got much more than we have. Egypt will always shoulder its responsibility to Syria and to the Palestine cause." Sadat coupled that statement with extraordinary praise for the "manly attitude" of President Ford in helping to set up the accord. "We've insulted the United States for 50 years and never got anything for it," Sadat noted. "As I have often said, the United States holds at least 99% of the cards in this game."

Tactical Gain. Defending the accord against cries by right-wing opposition leaders that under strong U.S. pressure Israel had given up too much



KISSINGER & SADAT IN CONFERENCE

Justifying the accords in differing ways and against varying kinds and degrees of opposition.



RABIN VOTING FOR RATIFICATION OF SINAI AGREEMENT

countries on his way home, Kissinger received a mixed reception. Saudi Arabia's King Khalid bestowed a tentative blessing but warned that any Sinai disengagement must be followed by further negotiations over the future of the Golan Heights and Jerusalem. Jordan's King Hussein was in a frosty mood, principally because Congress has drastically chopped his request for \$350 million worth of anti-aircraft weaponry, including 14 batteries of Hawk missiles. In Damascus, Syria's President Hafez Assad was courteous but stiff; later Assad's Baath Party called the Sinai agreement "strange and disgraceful," and Assad pointedly refused to receive Egyptian Vice President Husni Mubarak when he appeared to explain the Egyptian view. In Israel, as she made a rare political appearance to vote for ratification at a Labor Party caucus, former Premier Golda Meir said she greeted the second-stage agreement "not with a fanfare but also not with a feeling of mourning."

es would unquestionably approve the installation of the electronics experts, although the money package might be shaved somewhat.

Egypt's Sadat had no real opposition at home to worry about. In fact, he was sufficiently confident of his country's mood to allow live television coverage in Egypt of the ceremonies during which Kissinger and Premier Mamduh Salem initiated the documents. The most pressing concern in Egypt now is inflation; the return of Sinai oil, the increased protection for the Suez Canal and additional U.S. aid that accompany the latest agreement will all help that problem.

Last week Sadat moved quickly to counter criticism from the Soviet Union and more radical Arab states. In a speech to a joint session of the National Assembly and the central committee of the Arab Socialist Union (Egypt's only political party), he charged that Moscow's refusal to attend the Geneva signing was "an open attempt to shatter the Arab front." He denied Iraqi charges

for too little, Premier Rabin argued—with some justification—that "the principal significance [of the accord] is political." Some Israeli military experts argued that ironically their armed forces will actually make a tactical gain by pulling out of the passes. The U.N. buffer zone in Sinai is now four times as wide as it was under the old disengagement agreement. Moreover, Egyptian forces will be farther from the Suez Canal and their artillery and missiles. With its air superiority, Israel could easily stop an Egyptian attack under these circumstances; meanwhile, Israel is in a position to carry out its traditional "move forward and attack" style of fighting by air and armor if necessary.

The accord was endorsed not only by Rabin but also by the other members of his negotiation team—hawkish Defense Minister Shimon Peres and dovish Foreign Minister Yigal Allon. Because of the consensus, the Premier easily carried the issue through the 19-man Cabinet, as well as the Labor Party

THE WORLD

caucus, and in the Knesset, where all 120 members turned out for the nine-hour debate. Parliament ratified the agreement by a vote of 70 to 43, with seven abstentions. The most outspoken opponent was former Defense Minister Moshe Dayan, who defied Labor Party discipline to oppose Rabin. "What we are getting," Dayan told the Knesset, "is compensation from the Americans in lieu of Egyptian concessions. That is good for Egypt, but bad for Israel."

Clearly there are many unanswered questions involving the aftermath of the accord. If some kind of withdrawal agreement is worked out—possibly next year—between Syria and Israel on the Golan Heights, will the U.S. also be required to provide electronics experts for this volatile front? And if so, will Congress approve? What will be the mood of America if any technicians are accidentally killed in an outbreak of fighting in Sinai? Even if Congress approves this year's aid package to Israel, will it go along with requests for an estimated \$10 billion in new equipment that Je-

rusalem is expected to ask for in future years? What will happen if the Jewish lobby persuades Congress to curtail the amount of aid promised Egypt?

Finally, there are legitimate concerns about what is in the secret codicils to the agreement, contained in as yet unpublished letters between Kissinger and Allon and Presidents Ford and Sadat. It is known that Washington has promised, among other things, to replace Abu Rudeis oil with American supplies if alternative Middle East sources should be cut off. Kissinger denies that the guarantee is any stronger, but some observers familiar with the negotiations believe that the U.S.—at least verbally—promised also to move such oil through any Arab embargo, presumably by means of U.S. naval support.

Peaceful Holidays. Some Egyptians, and many Israelis as well, fear that the agreement may not work out quite as Kissinger envisages it. They foresee a situation in which the Sinai front becomes frozen on its present lines despite Sadat's intention to press for general

peace talks after next year's U.S. presidential election. Congress might also in an election year refuse to vote aid to Arabs. The Arab oil states, for their part, might then punish Sadat by shifting their economic aid totally to Syria, Jordan and the Palestinians. Sadat—alone and abandoned—would then fall, to be succeeded by a less moderate leader. Israeli Chief of Staff General Mordechai Gur summed up the Israeli mood after initialing the Sinai maps last week. "As to whether I did a good thing, I'll only know in another five years."

Last week, open war continued between Israeli forces and Palestinian fedayeen, with P.L.O. raids and rocket attacks against Israel and retaliatory raids on Palestinian camps in Lebanon by Israeli commandos. But on the Sinai front, as the new moon of Ramadan appeared last week for Moslems, and Jews once more observed the start of the High Holy Days, all was peaceful. Two years ago when those religious events coincided, Israel was suddenly embroiled in the most costly war in its short history.

'A Dangerous Turning Point'

The Israeli-Egyptian Sinai agreement has met with expected hostility from Palestinian organizations. Declaring an "emergency situation," P.L.O. Chairman Yasser Arafat has scheduled a series of strategy meetings with commando leaders. In an interview last week with TIME Beirut Bureau Chief Karsten Prager and TIME's Abu Said Abu Rish, Arafat denounced the accord as "dangerous because it ignores the basic question of Palestine and the cause of the Palestinian people." He was careful, however, to avoid criticizing Egyptian President Anwar Sadat.

P.L.O. LEADER YASSER ARAFAT



Excerpts from the interview:

ON THE SINAI AGREEMENT. This agreement poses a very dangerous and serious turning point in our history. The P.L.O. opposed and rejected this agreement from the time Kissinger began moving toward it. We saw it as a blow against the Arab and Palestinian people, for it was obvious that Kissinger's move meant to split Arab solidarity. The Arab masses are aware of this American plot. At the Algiers and Rabat summit meetings, it was agreed that the struggle depended on three main pillars: Egypt, Syria and the Palestinians. Now the Syrians and Palestinians are united against this suspected plot. There is no doubt that what has taken place will influence political currents. But we have survived so many difficulties in the past, we are fully confident that the revolutionary potential of the Arab people will eventually win out.

ON EGYPT. It is very wrong to think there is any power on earth, any agreement, that could put the Egyptian army and Egyptian people outside the circle against Zionism, especially when it means turning down the Palestinian cause, which is the core of the whole problem of the Middle East and of the Arab nations.

ON THE PROSPECT OF RENEWED WAR. The agreement will encourage the military junta in Israel to instigate war on the northern front. The frequency of aggression—by sea, air and land—directed against the south of Lebanon and Palestinian refugee camps is evidence that the Israelis are encouraged to make more war. How could

any wise man think this agreement in the Sinai, of a few kilometers here and there, has frozen the conflict between Israel and the Arabs? Such a small step took two years. How many years before a real solution to the basic conflict is found?

I believe that peace must be a Palestinian peace, but so far the Palestinian people have not been offered anything. They have not been dealt with. This year has been the year of military escalation by the fedayeen; that has been obvious. We are looking for more escalation. We expect continual support of our cause from the Soviet Union.

ON THE U.S. ROLE IN THE MIDDLE EAST. The U.S. has gained influence in the Middle East—but with troubles. How much did the American taxpayer pay for this mini-step? How much will he have to pay? The Americans have committed themselves to the same historical mistake they made in Viet Nam, when they started with consultants and experts and ended up with more than a half million men. When we went to the United Nations last autumn, we went looking for the support of all peoples, including the U.S. It is very unfortunate that the U.S. sees only the Israeli position and looks through Israeli binoculars, ignoring the 3.5 million Palestinians with all their potentials and capabilities. Thus for the Palestinians, the U.S. and Israeli lines are still the same. This is, after all, not an Egyptian-Israeli struggle, not a Syrian-Israeli struggle. It is a struggle about the Palestinian cause and a struggle for the future of the Palestinian people. Peace, real peace, everlasting peace, is that peace that will respond to the demands of the Palestinian people.

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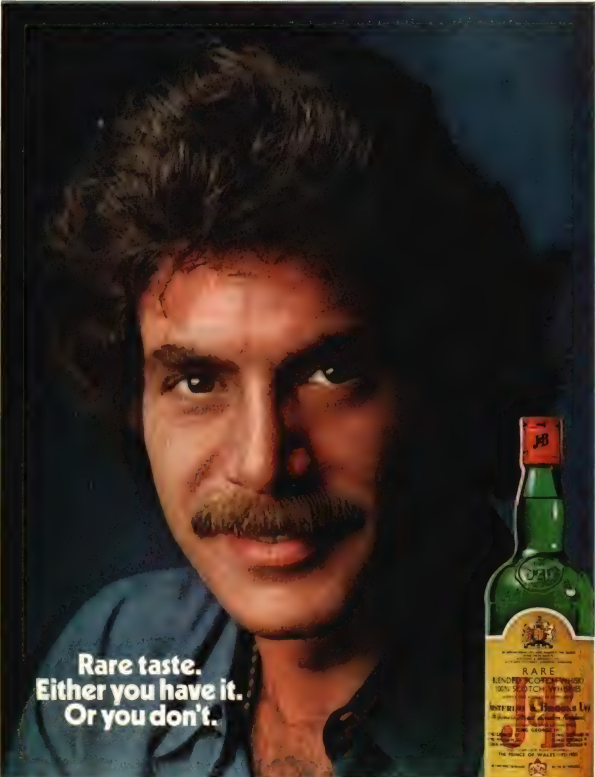


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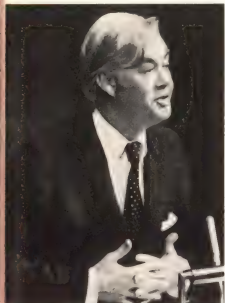
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UNITED NATIONS

Marshall Plan for the Third World



MOYNIHAN ADDRESSING THE U.N.
A factual tour de force.

"We have heard your voices. We embrace your hopes. We will join your efforts." With those words, written by U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger but delivered to the United Nations' Seventh Special Session last week by U.S. Ambassador Daniel P. Moynihan, Washington gave its answer to the share-the-wealth demands of the world's poor. In so doing, it at least temporarily forestalled anticipated bitter clashes between developing countries of the Third World and the rich industrialized West at the session.

The theme of the 12,000-word, 105-minute statement read by Moynihan was that the U.S. is not only prepared to discuss the demands of the developing states but also has specific and detailed ideas for meeting them. The long list of U.S. proposals—if backed and funded by all the industrial and oil-rich nations—could equal the Marshall Plan in impact. As forecast (*TIME*, Sept. 8), the speech avoided flashy or hostile rhetoric. It warned that there are "no panaceas" and stressed a "program of practical steps." Among them:

- Measures to provide developing countries with some degree of economic security by insulating their export earnings from "the swings and shocks" of such "natural and man-made disasters" as weather and changes in the business cycle. If export income dropped, the countries would be able to borrow compensatory funds from a proposed new \$10 billion "development security facility" of the International Monetary Fund. This would enable these countries

to proceed on schedule with their development plans. For the poorest countries, the loans might be turned into outright grants, financed by the sale of some of the IMF's gold.

- Measures like the creation of an international investment trust to spur more private investment in developing countries. The trust would, for instance, establish a \$200 million reserve to guarantee investors against loss.

- Measures to provide immediate food and financial aid to the globe's poorest nations, whose 1 billion inhabitants constitute half of the developing world.

- Measures to open new markets to the exports of developing states through tariff preferences and concessions.

- Measures to "promote the efficiency, growth and stability" of commodity markets by establishing a "consumer-producer forum" for every key commodity, starting with copper. Kissinger emphasized, however, that the U.S. opposed price fixing for it would "distort the market, restrict production and waste resources for everybody."

Kissinger had been scheduled to speak himself, but was detained by the negotiations in the Middle East. Instead of delaying the speech, he had Moynihan take his place on the U.N.'s marble podium. Thus, there was no time for Third World delegates to launch the automatic barrage of anti-American complaints. With unusual attentiveness, the packed General Assembly listened to Moynihan; the silence was broken only by the rustling of paper as delegates, in unison, turned pages of copies of the text placed by the U.S. mission at every desk.

The broad U.S. approach went far toward meeting many of the demands for better terms of trade and greater financial aid contained in the call for a New International Economic Order (adopted at the U.N. last year over the objections of the industrialized nations). Thus, the Third World was compelled to focus on specific U.S. proposals and mute recriminatory rhetoric. Although most Third World capitals had yet to study the lengthy proposals in detail, initial reaction of their U.N. delegates was receptive and even warily favorable. "A very positive statement," said the ambassador of one radical African state. "A tour de force," commented an Asian diplomat. The tone of the session mellowed enough for Yugoslav Foreign Minister Miloš Minić to declare that "points of contact" were emerging between rich and poor. India's Foreign Minister Y.B. Chavan talked soothingly of confronting problems rather than confronting each other. A similar mood of cooperation was evident in Washington at the joint annual meeting of the IMF and the

World Bank (see *ECONOMY & BUSINESS*).

Even the Soviets were impressed, conceding that the Kissinger speech had had some impact in one of its aims: dividing the Third World. Clearly, the U.S. wanted to distinguish the goals and needs of the truly poor nations from those of suddenly prosperous oil-producing states. There were at least half a dozen critical references to the OPEC cartel in the text. For example, Moynihan reminded the U.N. delegates that world economic stability requires sustained growth in the industrial countries, which, in turn, need "reliable supplies of energy, raw materials and other products at a fair price." The U.S. then charged that the quadrupling of oil prices has inflicted "the most devastating blow to economic development in this decade" and the poorest nations "have been most cruelly affected by the rise in the cost of oil."

Years of Neglect. Reaction from OPEC-nation delegates was quick and strong. On the second day of the session, Iran's Interior Minister Jamshid Amouzegar answered that "the substantive issue is not whether the oil price has gone up too rapidly; the real issue is whether or not the world is willing to realize that the era of cheap and abundant energy is over." He then added, sarcastically: "The developed world felt easy about shrugging off responsibility for years of neglect, inaction, inconsistent policies and economic mismanagement, which have placed so heavy a burden on the world economy."

The Special Session concludes this week with the adoption of a final resolution. It will still echo calls for a new world economic order, blaming the West for many of the ills of the developing states and calling for immediate and siz-



IRAN'S AMOZEGAR REBUTS THE U.S.
"The era of cheap energy is over."

THE WORLD

able transfers of wealth. But both the U.S. and the Common Market countries are hoping for modifications reflecting the Kissinger proposals. At week's end Kissinger arrived belatedly in Manhattan and huddled privately with a number of Third World ministers attending the U.N. session.

Whatever the text of this week's resolution, the U.S. now has an opportu-

nity to sustain the momentum toward conciliation and consensus by pushing its proposals at forums with considerably more power than the U.N. General Assembly—the IMF's monetary talks, the negotiations on trade and tariffs, and the producer-consumer conference on energy and raw materials that is expected to convene later this year in Paris.



GONÇALVES ARRIVING AT ARMED FORCES MEETING WHERE HE WAS FORCED TO STEP DOWN

PORTUGAL

Downfall of a Marxist General

For the past two months, a bitter division within the Armed Forces Movement had brought government in Portugal to a virtual standstill and the country perilously close to civil war. Focus of the dispute was General Vasco dos Santos Gonçalves, 54, a close ally of Communist Party Boss Alvaro Cunhal and a woolly-minded Marxist ideologue who favored the creation in Portugal of a socialist state along Eastern European lines. Last week in an apparent victory for moderate forces within the M.F.A., Gonçalves fell from power. In the face of virtually open rebellion by non-Communist officers in the army and air force, Gonçalves—who the previous week had lost his post as Premier—gave up his appointment as chief of the general staff of the armed forces. In addition, he and three radical colleagues were dropped from membership in a new, powerful, 19-man Revolutionary Council.

The fall of Gonçalves represents the most devastating setback that military radicals and their Communist supporters have suffered since the start of the April 1974 revolution. The new Revolutionary Council appears to lean solidly toward the moderate-center; it contains seven moderates, eight swing officers and only four known cohorts of

Gonçalves. Last week's actions also apparently restored the Council to its role as supreme arbiter of the revolution; its power had been eclipsed since the creation in late July of a ruling triumvirate composed of Gonçalves, President Francisco da Costa Gomes and General Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho, chief of the internal security forces. "There is no triumvirate," said Saraiva de Carvalho at week's end.

Gonçalves' fall was triggered—inadvertently—by Costa Gomes. After first bowing to moderates' pressure two weeks ago and dismissing Gonçalves as Premier, he then sought to appease the radicals by naming Gonçalves as chief of the general staff—the country's top military post. This move set off an increasingly hostile reaction within the M.F.A. The first ranking officer to speak up against Gonçalves' appointment as chief of the general staff was the air force commander, General José Morais da Silva, who spoke out against the general's Red connections. "A revolution made by 80% of the Portuguese people," he said, "cannot be transformed into a dictatorship by 20% of the Portuguese over the other 80%."

Annoyed by this insubordination, Costa Gomes summoned Morais da Silva to Lisbon's Belém Palace to deliver

a reprimand. But then the army chief of staff, General Carlos Fábão, also spoke out against Gonçalves. The bearded Fábão called an all-day meeting of army officers at Tancos, 80 miles north of Lisbon, to discuss the situation. "Speaking in the name of the army," Fábão told newsmen before the convention, "I doubt that the figure of Vasco Gonçalves contributes anything to the unity of the army—to the contrary."

Gonçalves rushed to Tancos to make an emotional plea for support, but he soon sensed that the mood of the meeting was strongly against him. "I came here to engage in self-criticism, not to provoke disunity. Since this is not understood, I'm going away." By a 4-to-1 margin, the army assembly voted to press for Gonçalves' ouster. So did a similar convocation of air force officers; they backed General Morais da Silva's argument that Gonçalves' appointment "could lead to a dictatorship of the minority." On the other hand, Gonçalves was supported by another convention of officers representing the navy, which has traditionally been the most radical of the three services.

Boycotts and Shouts. The denouement came late Friday, when Costa Gomes convened the M.F.A.'s General Assembly at Tancos, hoping to gain its backing for the appointment of Gonçalves as chief of the general staff. But the meeting was boycotted by delegates from both the army and the air force, which sent only their chiefs of staff to represent them. It degenerated into a shouting match. Seeing how little support he had, Gonçalves accepted the inevitable and—in the euphemistic phrase of the official communiqué—"declined the place of chief of the general staff."

With Gonçalves out of the way, Premier-designate Admiral José Batista Pinheiro de Azevedo—a leftist who seems acceptable to the military's moderate and radical factions—may now be able to assemble his Cabinet. He had been stalled because the Socialists and Popular Democrats, who together polled 64% of the vote in April's election, refused to participate in any government so long as Gonçalves retained any significant power. Although the Communists will suffer greatly from Gonçalves' demise, they have tried to limit the damage by distancing themselves from him. Last week the party newspaper *Avante* called editorially for "a broad-based government" in which the major political parties would participate. Visiting Costa Gomes early in the week to discuss formation of a new Cabinet, Communist Leader Cunhal agreed that it should represent more of the 80% of the population that Air Force Chief Morais da Silva had talked about.

Periodically during the past two months, rumors of a right-wing coup have circulated in Lisbon. Last week those fears came to the surface again when a familiar but unexpected figure suddenly showed up in Europe. Flying

into Paris from exile in Brazil—disguised, for diplomatic reasons, as “Antonio Ribeiro, writer”—was General Antonio de Spínola, who had led the revolution until radical officers forced his resignation last September. As recently as a month ago, the reappearance on the scene of the discredited conservative general would have provoked chuckles in Lisbon. If the situation remains uncertain, the monocol general might be tempted to fly into anti-Communist northern Portugal, demand elections and a new National Assembly—and point out that his swan-song speech warning against the country's slide toward anarchy had proved all too prophetic.

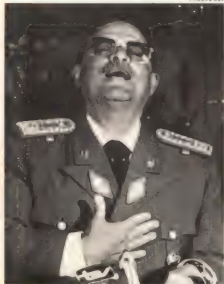
LATIN AMERICA

The Cocktail Coup

Ecuador, which happens to be the world's largest exporter of bananas, has often been regarded as the quintessential banana republic. Though the country has been stable for the past 3½ years, some sophisticated Ecuadorians still evaluate coups the way other people rate horses or vintage wines. Last weekend's abortive attempt to oust President Guillermo Rodríguez Lara, which left in its wake 17 people dead and 80 wounded, ranked very low on the scale. “I've never seen a coup so stupidly organized,” sniffed one Quito connoisseur.

Architects of the fiasco were General Raúl González Alvar, the army chief of staff, and his brother-in-law General Alejandro Solís Rosera, head of the national war college. Their muzzy plot—“it must have been brewed before cocktails and executed after,” as one foreign diplomat put it—was to surround

PHOTOGRAPH BY



ECUADOR'S PRESIDENT RODRIGUEZ
“Little balloon” deflates a plot.

Venita has known a lot of suffering.

Venita is a shy little girl with big, dark eyes. You can see by her wistful expression that she has known much suffering in her short life in India.

She hardly remembers her parents. Her mother was in ill health when Venita was born. She died when Venita was only two years old.

Her father earned very little and lived in one room in a tenement in Delhi. He was unable to support and care for the frail little girl. He asked a children's Home, affiliated with the Christian Children's Fund, to take care of his daughter.

There is still a sad, haunting look that lingers in Venita's dark eyes. But she's improving. Gradually she's losing her shyness, and she smiles and plays with other children who share the same room at the Home.

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THE WORLD

the national palace in Quito and force the resignation of roly-poly President Rodriguez (known informally to his countrymen as *el Bombita*, or the little balloon), who has been Ecuador's benign, reformist dictator since leading a successful military coup in 1972. Setting up headquarters in a funeral parlor, the two rebel generals marshaled their forces, which consisted of 150 soldiers and six ancient U.S. Army tanks. The tanks are so old that one Ecuadorian general, upon returning from the U.S. recently, complained that there was one on display at the military museum in Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

Things went wrong right from the start. When General Solis visited one of the capital's garrisons to get its support, a startled guard heard his request and then sent him off to jail—where he still remains. González, meanwhile, distributed manifestoes proclaiming the rebellion before it had begun. As it happened, President Rodriguez was one of the recipients of a copy. He quickly escaped to a friendly garrison 120 miles south of the capital, leaving his wife and five children behind in the palace.

Late Sunday night, González's band of rebels attacked the 18th century palace. They overwhelmed the 34 members of the palace guard, who wear gold-trimmed blue coats, white breeches and tasseled pillbox hats and are meant mostly for display. Ignoring all the basic rules for carrying out a coup, González neglected to close down Quito's airport and take over its radio stations—one of which refused to broadcast his manifesto on the ground that it sounded unbelievable. He also generously allowed Rodriguez's wife and children to leave the palace, thereby giving away one of his few bargaining cards. Early Monday morning, Quito stations began broadcasting a roll call of officers who remained loyal to Rodriguez. Air force planes buzzed the occupied palace, which was soon surrounded by troops of the loyal Vencedores battalion. By 4 in the afternoon it was all over. The rebel troops surrendered, but in the confusion, González—dressed in civilian clothes—somehow managed to walk out of the palace unnoticed and gain asylum in the Chilean embassy near by.

Motley Mob. In the wake of the attempted coup, a motley mob of Quito citizens ransacked the palace, carrying off rugs, lamps and other portable goodies. Otherwise, there was little popular support for the coup even though Rodriguez's regime has lately been in considerable economic trouble. In the first half of 1974, Ecuador exported \$444 million worth of goods, primarily oil from its jungle wells, coffee and bananas. But



INVESTIGATORS SIFTING THROUGH SHATTERED LOBBY OF THE LONDON HILTON HOTEL AFTER BLAST
An almighty explosion leading to chaos and a promise of revenge.

then hypernationalistic government ministers raised the price of oil 54¢ per bbl. above OPEC's price. In protest, the oil companies severely limited production. Although revenues plummeted, Ecuador's *nouveau riche* refused to curtail their lust for new foreign cars and TV sets, thereby helping to create a trade deficit that for the first six months of 1975 was an estimated \$170 million.

Belatedly bowing to reality, Rodriguez in July fired his Natural Resources Minister and dropped the price of oil 43¢ per bbl., whereupon the companies began pumping again. Recently the President announced the imposition of a stiff 60% tax on imported luxuries. That drew howls of complaints from shopkeepers in Quito and their customers, but it may be enough to get Ecuador back in the black.

BRITAIN

A Plague of Violence

Like a plague that has no remedy, the sectarian violence in Northern Ireland goes on and on. Once again, there are victims in England as well as in the troubled province of Ulster. Late last week a bomb exploded in the London Hilton Hotel, killing two people, wounding 28, and destroying the glass-and-marble lobby. It was the fifth bombing in or around London in the past two weeks. Scotland Yard believes that radical members of the Provisional Irish Republican Army are responsible for most if not all of the explosions.

The 28-story Hilton, which is half way between Buckingham Palace and the American embassy, was filled to capacity with late-season tourists. Possibly 100 people were milling around in the

lobby when the tragedy took place. Just before noon, a switchboard operator at Associated Newspapers got a call from a man with an Irish accent warning that "a bomb will go off at the Hilton in ten minutes." Squad cars arrived at the hotel, but police were still trying to decide how to clear the area when, according to Anthony Peters, who manages the British Airways desk, "there was an almighty explosion. The whole place went black. When I looked up, the impression was of pieces of carpet burning."

The dazed and wounded poured out onto the street facing Hyde Park. "I saw a woman with both legs blown off below the knee," said a waiter as he sat dumbfounded on the curb. "There was blood and black smoke everywhere." The explosion was heard all over Mayfair, the heart of fashionable London, and ambulances sped to the hotel. "One minute everyone was walking about normally," said Sally Mordant, a passer-by. "The next it was complete chaos."

In Northern Ireland, where killing has become almost matter-of-fact, the bloodshed, meanwhile, continued to mount, taking the lives of 20 people in only one week. In six years of fighting, 1,308 have been killed in Northern Ireland. The most outrageous incident occurred in south Armagh. While elderly members of a Protestant Orange lodge were attending their monthly meeting at the village hall, two masked men crashed through the door and sprayed the room with fire from automatic rifles. Five were killed by the gunmen, who belonged to a group thought to have close connections to the IRA. Provos, A Protestant terror group promised revenge. For every Protestant killed, said the Ulster Freedom Fighters, six Catholics would lose their lives.

Busing and Strikes: Schools in Turmoil

"Back to school," once a pleasant, end-of-summer phrase, has virtually come to mean "Back to the barricades." In much of the U.S. last week, schoolchildren and their parents were concerned not with education but with busing, racial hostility and strikes. As buses began to roll, carrying black and white students across town to achieve integration, there was smoldering resentment in many communities and, in Louisville, outright violence. Boston, preparing to open its schools, feared the same. Millions of children could not even attend classes. Their schools were shut down in a growing wave of strikes by teachers angered by recession-caused layoffs, pay freezes and deteriorating working conditions. Following are accounts of the major conflicts:

Louisville: The Hatred Surfaces

Barely 24 hours earlier, Louisville Mayor Harvey I. Sloane had proudly praised the people of Jefferson County for showing "restraint" and a "spirit of cooperation." As the first two days of court-ordered busing of 22,600 students between the city and the suburbs came to an end, Sloane had good reason to be pleased. Although more than half of the 130,000 students in the newly merged Louisville and surrounding Jefferson County public schools had stayed at home, there had been few incidents of violence. Louisville's carefully rehearsed school-busing program (TIME, Sept. 8) seemed to be working.

Then on Friday night, after relieved city and county officials had left their offices, what everyone had feared finally happened. Driving to local high school football games scheduled that evening, thousands of teen-agers and adults were clogging the highways of southwestern Jefferson County, a largely blue-collar section. Honking their horns to signal their opposition to busing, many of them headed toward Valley High School. One youth parked in the middle of the highway—halting traffic completely—and to the cheers of onlookers ripped the hood from his car. Suddenly the mood changed, and the crowd began pelting the police with stones and bottles, calling them "pigs" and "Communists." Bonfires were lit on the highway, and the rioting crowd swelled to more than 10,000.

As word of the fighting spread, antibusing forces, most of them teen-agers, began gathering at other nearby schools

At Southern High, they smashed the windows and slashed the tires of 40 school buses and set fire to two more, built bonfires and chanted: "We don't want niggers in our schools" and "Send Gordon [James Gordon, the U.S. district judge who had ordered the busing] back to Moscow." Elsewhere in the suburban area, street signs were torn down, stores looted, and gas-station pumps ripped out. Only after 350 state troopers were called in to aid the beleaguered 400-man county police force did the rioting begin to die down. All told, some 50 people were injured and 192 (including a state representative) were arrested.

Fearing further violence, Kentucky Governor Julian Carroll at 4 a.m. ordered 800 armed National Guardsmen into the Louisville area. Later on Saturday morning police in Louisville arrested 75 sign-carrying people (including the Grand Dragon of Kentucky's Ku Klux Klan) who were assembling in the downtown area despite a ban ordered by Mayor Sloane on parades and demonstrations. Soon after-

ward, several truckloads of armed Guardsmen were moved into the business district. Declared the National Guard commander: "They will be used when and where needed until order is restored."

Even before the weekend disorders, there had been signs that Louisville's whites were not going to accept busing

ANTIBUSING BONFIRE IN JEFFERSON COUNTY



ARMED FORCE





LOUISVILLE POLICE FRISKING DEMONSTRATOR



PROTEST T SHIRT AT FAIRDALE HIGH
What everyone feared.

without resistance. At Fairdale High, in a suburban working-class neighborhood, 70% of the white pupils stayed home, although most of the 300 blacks assigned to the school made the long ride from the city. Many of the black students were nervous as they approached their new schools. As one busload of blacks from Shawnee Junior High School in Louisville drew up to Valley Station High in the suburbs, Leslie Lacy, 17, commented anxiously, "I think I'll paint myself white and go back to Shawnee."

A rally in the Kentucky fairgrounds the night before school opened drew 10,000 orderly, but angry protesters. The crowd bought hundreds of T-shirts with slogans like **OPPOSE TYRANNY** printed across the front.

Next morning, when buses began their first runs, a few whites tried to block them with their cars. But police

EDUCATION

quickly cleared the way. Later in the day there were other disruptions, including a march by 1,000 antibusing demonstrators in downtown Louisville and some bomb threats at newly integrated schools. The ugliest incident occurred in the afternoon, when 150 whites gathered outside Fairdale High School; many demonstrators parked their cars on the narrow two-way street leading to the school, preventing the eight buses filled with black students from leaving. The screaming crowd threw cups and empty soft-drink cans at the buses before police came to the rescue. A Ford Motor Co. truck plant shut down after 38% of the 1,500-man work force stayed

out to show their opposition to busing.

At week's end many of Louisville's whites remained adamant in their opposition to busing. But officials seemed even more determined that the law would be carried out. Jefferson County School Superintendent Ernest Grayson announced that on Monday buses would roll as scheduled, and Judge Gordon backed him up. Declaring that the rioters had "violated the tolerant attitude of the court and insulted the dignity of the community," he banned demonstrations in or near public schools and barred gatherings of more than three persons along school bus routes while the buses were operating.

Boston: Preparing for the Worst

Would it be the battle of Boston? Last year, the streets echoed to the sounds of jeers and curses, the crash of bottles and bricks and the clatter of hoofbeats as mounted police charged the rioters. Down the hill from South Boston High School, whites had menaced black students in angry confrontation. Would the scene be repeated? That was the fear of officials in Boston as they completed plans for this week's school opening. "This year we intend to be tough," said Boston Police Commissioner Robert di Grazia. "We don't want that one instance which will set off the rest of the city."

Indeed it would not take much to ignite Boston's racial tensions. Last year 18,200 of the city's 94,000 public school pupils were bused for desegregation to 80 schools; this week 26,000 will be bused to desegregate 162 schools in almost all parts of the city. White resistance to busing, which boiled over into street battles last year, threatens to be even more organized and volatile this fall.

Show of Force. City, state and federal officials plan to counter the threat of violence with a massive show of force, including 1,000 city police, 350 state troopers, 250 state park police and 600 National Guardsmen. Assistant U.S. Attorney General Stanley Pottinger moved his office to Boston last week, bringing with him 100 federal marshals.

To avoid giving Boston's schools the appearance of armed camps, uniformed police are being stationed inside South Boston High School, at least at first. Plainclothesmen are assigned to patrol the corridors there, at Charlestown High and several other schools (see map). In addition, Boston's school administration has bought 15 weapons detectors—similar to those used in airports—which were placed inside high schools to prevent students from carrying knives, chains and guns to class. Students are being issued identification cards at Southie and several other schools where trouble is expected.

Aside from the threat of violence, Boston school officials are concerned

about how many white students will actually attend public schools this year. Last year almost one-fourth of the enrolled students, virtually all of them white, stayed out the entire year.

Leaders of the boycott movement have threatened to expand it this year and to enlarge some storefront "academies"—similar to those that whites established in the South to avoid desegregation—in South Boston, East Boston and Hyde Park. The academies, designed to accommodate 800 students, will charge \$575 tuition. Other white parents are trying to enroll their children in parochial and private schools, most of which are already full, or in suburbs and other school districts where they have relatives.

Boston's stubborn resistance to busing is largely based in Irish-Catholic working-class neighborhoods such as South Boston and Charlestown, where whites want little to do with what they perceive as the alien and threatening culture of inner-city blacks. Says Maurice Gillen, a meter reader for Boston Edison and a community leader in



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DIT



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6. Fiendish ribs



PEUGEOT

A different kind of luxury car.

EDUCATION

Charlestown: "We are not violent and racist. But we are fiercely loyal to our community, and we believe in protecting our culture, our people and the quality of education. Now we've got to give it all up, everything we've worked years for. They want to bus our kids out of Charlestown to the crummy schools that nobody ever worked to change. We don't anticipate that a lot of our kids will be on those buses."

Angry blacks would reply that Boston is indeed more racist than most Northern cities and that in the past blacks have not been able to gain much control over their schools. But as Psychologist Robert Coles has pointed out, the blue-collar population of Boston now feels that it has lost control not only of its schools but also of an important part of its life. The white neighborhoods, once highly influential in both the church and city hall, feel abandoned by city leaders. South Boston lost much of its political clout with the death of Cardinal Cushing in 1970. South Boston whites, once Kennedy loyalists, now curse Ted Kennedy because he supports the court; they think that Mayor Kevin

White has sold them out, and have mocked him as "Mayor Black."

Boston's current troubles are also due to a public-school leadership that has been almost unique in the North for its policies of segregation. The schools are run by a committee whose five members are elected at-large throughout the city; the committee has never had a black member. The school administration has long been an Irish-Catholic bastion, and the entire school system has a well-earned reputation for patronage and petty politics.

Many whites in Boston, convinced by such antibusing demagogues as Louise Day Hicks, a former member of the school committee, have thought over the years that desegregation could be prevented. Now they are frustrated. "When a community senses that social change is going to take place come hell or high water, you don't get violence," says Harvard Social Psychologist Thomas Pettigrew. "But the people in Boston have been told for years that busing is not inevitable, that it will not happen here. Such a constant holding out of hope has a devastating effect."



NATIONAL GUARD TROOPS IN BOSTON

Coleman: Some Second Thoughts

Busing as a means of achieving racial balance in the schools may well be the most unpopular institution imposed on Americans since Prohibition. Nevertheless, some U.S. communities have obediently—if not happily—accepted busing as part of the law of the land and carried it out peacefully. Last week in Stockton, Calif., for example, under a court order, 1,500 pupils were bused across town to three high schools without visible opposition or incidents. At the same time, in Charlotte, N.C., 23,000 students—fully one-third of the public school enrollment—were being bused in the final phase of a federal court busing plan that the city has followed faithfully ever since 1970.

Yet even in communities that have fully obeyed the courts, the fear of busing often precipitates the flight of whites, who move to the suburbs or take their children out of public schools to escape desegregation. During the three years busing has been used to desegregate the Atlanta schools, 40,000 white students have fled the system and city schools have gone from 56% to 87% black. In Memphis, enrollment in private academies increased from 13,000 in 1973, when a federal court ordered the city schools to desegregate, to 35,000 today, while the public school enrollment tipped from 50% black to 70% black. Even in Charlotte, home of the most successful and widely acclaimed busing plan in the U.S., enrollment in private academies has more than doubled in the past five years of court-ordered busing;

today one-sixth of all white school-age youngsters in Charlotte attend private school.

Much of the intellectual impetus for busing came from the 1966 report by University of Chicago Sociologist James S. Coleman, which demonstrated statistically that black students learn more in integrated classrooms. (A major tenet of the Coleman report, often overlooked, is that poor children learn more when they go to school with middle-class students; the report's conclusions about social class were as significant as those about race.)

Early this summer Coleman incurred the censure of many academics—who charged that he used suspect statistics—when, after a new study of racial data in U.S. public schools, he announced that at least in major cities, "busing has not worked" as a means of desegregation. His reason: busing ordered by the courts often drives whites out of the schools,

thus actually increasing segregation.

Last week Coleman carried his white-flight argument one step further. In an antibusing affidavit filed in the U.S. Court of Appeals on behalf of the Boston Home and School Association, he said that court-ordered busing in Boston caused a 12% increase in the number of white children leaving the public schools. Said Coleman: "The greater the disparity between the racial composition of the central city and the suburbs, the greater the acceleration of white loss." In other words, the blacker the city and the whiter the suburbs, the faster the remaining whites will try to leave town.

Whether busing works to raise black pupils' test scores or drive whites out of town, a growing number of blacks and whites believe that the emphasis should now be on improving the schools. Says Wilson Riles, California's black superintendent of public instruction: "For 20 years we have been mesmerized with school integration. We have not given as much attention as we should to making the schools more effective."

Thomas Atkins, president of Boston's N.A.A.C.P., and many others who support busing agree. Many blacks and whites now believe that merely moving pupils from one school to another is not enough of an answer—particularly if the schools to which students are bused are not significantly better than the ones they left. Atkins says that "people are looking for different kinds of things to happen as a result of school desegregation." What do they want? Says Atkins: an improved curriculum, some choice in selecting teachers, better vocational courses and more accurate counseling.

SOCIOLOGIST JAMES COLEMAN





Teacher Strikes: Only the Start

"Teachers will be striking in September, October, November, December, January, February..." That was the prediction last week of Terry Herndon, executive director of the National Education Association (see box page 51). Indeed by week's end hundreds of thousands of the nation's public school teachers were on the picket lines. The militant American Federation of Teachers estimated that as many as one-fourth of its 440,000 members could be on strike this month. The larger (1.7 million members) N.E.A. predicted that there could be from 150 to 200 strikes this fall—compared with 106 last year.

The largest walkout came in Chicago, the nation's third largest school system, where 27,000 teachers shut down all of the city's 666 public schools preventing 530,000 pupils from attending classes. In Pennsylvania, strikes closed 25 of the state's 505 school districts, and teachers walked picket lines in one-third of Rhode Island's school districts. Schools were shut down in Berkeley, Calif., Wilmington, Del., and dozens of other cities. In hundreds of districts, teachers began the school year at work without contracts, awaiting the outcome of bargaining sessions that seemed hopelessly deadlocked. Strikes also loomed in New York City and Boston, where classes were scheduled to begin this week.

In Chicago, the strike was the fourth in six years. It involved more than the union's demands which, by Chicago



WEARY PICKET ON FIRE HYDRANT IN BERKELEY
Frustrated, depressed and anxious.

go standards, seemed almost modest: a cost-of-living raise, reduced class size and improved fringe benefits. The issues were complicated by disputes over the size of the school budget and the possible elimination of many teaching jobs.

Larger Classes. Last spring the Chicago school board prepared a balanced \$1.16 billion budget for this year; it was almost immediately unbalanced, however, when Governor Dan Walker chopped off \$47 million from allocations to Chicago schools. School Superintendent Joseph Hannon then proposed increasing the size of each class—now up to 34—by three pupils. With larger classes, he figured that 1,525 teachers' jobs could be eliminated at a saving of \$24 million per year. That solution did not sit well with Union President Robert Healey, who had made his own proposal

STRIKERS IN CHICAGO


—that class size be reduced to 25, which would require hiring an additional 2,500 teachers.

Governor Walker then added confusion to the numbers game; he claimed that the state actually gave Chicago schools \$48 million more this year than in 1974. Said he: "I can only conclude that in the face of the state aid increase and declining enrollment, the superintendent is crying wolf." The Governor complicated matters further by appointing William Singer, a former alderman who tried to unseat Mayor Richard Daley in last winter's Democratic primary, to head a task force investigating the school board's budget. That infuriated Daley, who has stepped in as the middleman and successfully mediated

previous teachers' strikes; he has decided to remain on the sidelines at least temporarily. Finally, Chicago's teachers voted to strike by an overwhelming 21,439-to-2,537 margin.

In New York City, contract negotiations between the 80,000-member United Federation of Teachers and the school board bogged down last week. Albert Shanker, president of both the U.F.T. and the national American Federation of Teachers, described the situation as "increasingly gloomy" and publicly held out little hope that a settlement could be reached before the union contract expires this week—the day after the city's 1.1 million pupils return to school. As the strike deadline neared, however, the bargaining atmosphere seemed to be improving.

Contract negotiations were compli-



The American Issues Forum presents your Calendar for the Bicentennial.

In this Bicentennial year, the American Issues Forum invites you to consider the fundamental issues of our country—what it is, how it got that way, where it is headed.

In the weeks and months ahead, the following pages will be your guide to a nationwide discussion of these issues on television, radio, and in the press. Across the nation, in every state and community, thousands of groups and organizations will be joining in Amer-

icans discussing America. Examining issues month by month, week by week, throughout this Bicentennial year.

The Forum is a national program for the Bicentennial, presenting these issues in a Calendar, one for each month and each week, from September 1975 to May 1976. This is your Calendar. Remove it from this magazine and keep it—so that you and your family can join in this nationwide dialogue in the Bicentennial year.

The American Issues Forum was developed by the National Endowment for the Humanities with the cosponsorship of the American Revolution Bicentennial Administration.

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"A Nation of Nations"

"We, the people. . . ." So begins our Constitution. America is really a group of peoples. Most nations are organized around a single people; but America is based on a dream of freedom and well-being that was embraced by men and women of many tongues and traditions. Where did they come from? What led them to these shores? Courage or fear? Free choice or coercion? Hope or despair? What sort of people were they, to be able to overcome hardship and create a new nation? What kept them together despite their differences, through revolution and civil war, depression and world wars? What keeps us together now?

My neighbors—what makes them different from me, yet similar to me? Are our differences fading as the memory of other lands and other traditions fades? What do I mean when I call myself "an American"? What do I want out of being an American?

August 31 The Founding Peoples
 September 7 Two Centuries of Immigrants
 September 14 Out of Many, One
 September 21 We People Aspire to

"The Land of

America is a place—a land to be settled, owned, rented, mined, seeded, plowed under, asphalted over, built upon, played on, lived in. Beginning with thin slivers of civilization along the coasts, it now spans a continent, embraces an archipelago in the mid-Pacific, reaches into the Arctic Circle, thrusts into the Caribbean. Our wealth as a nation derives from the land, our use of it has given us the world's most productive system of agriculture and industry. How have we shaped this land and how has it shaped us? What explains our regional cultures, the growth of our cities and suburbs? Have we used the land well or wastefully? Of course we must use



Plenty

the land for cities and suburbs, to sustain life and make it worth living. To what extent can we have the best both of growth and harmony with nature? Who decides . . . who really owns the land?

September 28: A Shrinking Frontier?

October 5: The Sprawling City

October 12: Use and Abuse of the Land of Plenty

October 19: Who Owns the Land?

"Certain Unalienable Rights"

"We hold these Truths to be self-evident, that all Men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights. But what are they, and why, throughout our history, has it proved so hard to define and defend these rights? Some of our most fundamental freedoms were not initially written into the Constitution, and even today the exercise of our basic freedoms is a matter of debate, regularly contested in our courts. Are our ideals diluted in practice? Are some of us more equal than others? If liberty and duty, rights and responsibilities go hand in hand, how unfettered can freedom be?

October 26: Freedom of Speech, Assembly and Religion

November 2: Freedom of the Press

November 9: Freedom from Search and Seizure

November 16: Equal Protection Under the Law



"A More Perfect Union"

America, too, is a political life—rare, risky, even fragile: a democracy, where every citizen has an equal voice in the affairs of the country. What is unique about our form of democracy? Our Constitution called for "a more perfect Union" among the newly independent states, instituting a "federalism" which combined the advantages of liberty and stability. "Power checks power" was the maxim the founders followed, crafting a delicate balance among the executive, legislative and judicial branches. How well has it worked? How about our theory of judicial review of the Constitution? Our political system? Now that everyone has a vote, how much

does the vote of a single individual matter? The Constitution calls for a "representative government" with power vested in the people who delegate this power to elected officials. If their performance does not please the people, what can they do?

November 23: "In Congress Assembled"
A Representative Legislature

November 30: A President
An Elected Executive

December 7: "The Government":
The Growth of Bureaucracy

December 14: "By Consent of the States"

"Working in

America is a workplace. To settle an untamed land, to push its borders across a continent, to build cities and factories and farms where there had been only wilderness, to establish one of the world's most prosperous nations—all that took incredibly hard work; but it also took slavery and exploitation. What is the American "work ethic"? Opportunity drew millions to America who saw hard work as the way to success. Yet, increasingly, our aim has been to gain more productivity for less toil. At the beginning of the Republic, people were closely tied to the end result of their work, but today we often do not even see the end result. Do we take less pride



America"

in our work because of this? Are we still concerned with what we do or how well we do it? How have we divided up the fruits of labor? What do we do when we're not working? What becomes of us when we are unable to work? Or when we retire? How have we tried to make possible a life which is both productive and leisured?

January 11: The American Work Ethic

January 18: Organization of the Labor Force

January 25: The Welfare State
Providing a Livelihood

February 1: Enjoying the Fruits of Labor

"The Business of America"

America is a marketplace. The American Revolution gave us economic as well as political independence. Entrepreneurs were able to transform the energies and resources of the new nation into the greatest wonder of the economic world. Americans seem to have a gift for business; a genius for marrying technology and marketing. The American free enterprise system—organizing production so that energies are channeled into a "profit" that serves the community as a whole—has often been seen as a progressive and modernizing force. What are our stereotypes about business? Does commercialism distort our values?

How have business and trade affected our attitudes toward freedom and democracy, our philosophy of government, the way we live? Is government regulation necessary? Is it true, as Calvin Coolidge put it half a century ago, that "the business of America is business"?

February 8: Private Enterprise in the Marketplace

February 15: Empire Building
Cornering the Market

February 22: Subsidizing and Regulating
Controlling the Economy

February 29: Selling the Consumer



March

"America in the World"

The conduct of foreign affairs presents contrasts as dramatic as any in our national experience. When Washington led the Continental Army, and when he became President, the United States was struggling to establish its independence in the face of larger Great Powers. Now, the United States has itself become a Great Power with far-flung economic and military activities. Yet the main issues concerning American foreign policy remain unchanged: our posture in foreign affairs, and the proper mix of the military, humanitarian, economic, and diplomatic elements. Born of a war for independence, we were long disposed toward

self-sufficiency and isolationism. Today, dedicated to the goal of freedom for all, we have a powerful sense of mission to other peoples; and, as a land of immense natural resources and wealth, our power is felt in almost every corner of the world. Rapid communication has reduced the size of the world. Has it also reduced our sovereignty? How well have we used our power? When and how have we abused it?

March 7: *This—American Dream Among Nations*

March 14: *The Economic Dimension*

March 21: *A Power in the World*

March 28: *A Nation Among Nations*



April

"Growing Up"

A unique mixing of peoples and religions, a virgin land, lofty ideals, a new republican form of government—these gave promise that a new kind of individual, the American, would emerge to work and trade and take a place in the world. Certain social forces and institutions molded our society and our people. What sort of person did these forces create? Is there an "American character?" What part have our families, our schools, our churches, and our communities—now in the midst of tremendous change—played over the years in developing that character? Will the American character, whatever it may be, also change tremendously? Is the



May

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness"

in America"

American—optimistic, convinced that just about anything is possible—changing as vistas narrow and frontiers close down? What is it that keeps us moving all the time: a restless search for new frontiers, a hunger for challenge? Where have we, as Americans, planted our deep moral roots?

April 4: The American Family
April 11: Education for Work and Life
April 18: "In God We Trust"
April 25: A Sense of Belonging

The American Dream...! Archibald MacLeish said "America was promises." And its promises have always motivated us—self-fulfillment, freedom and independence, a decent living. The promise of pleasure, of a life beyond mere drudgery, of being new, young, in the forefront of an adventure, on top of things. The "unalienable Rights" of "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness." These dreams, these purposes, brought millions to America's shores, and inspired newcomers to expand the country's industry, its trade, its borders, its wealth, its influence. Individualism, success, happiness, involvement: are these

worthwhile goals? Or are they too self-centered, too trivial, too little concerned with the real problems of mankind? Are they only promises, goals only rarely attained? Taken together, do they comprise a kind of American profile, a national characteristic... or a caricature? Is the dream still valid? Or was it never real?

May 2: The Rugged Individualist
May 9: The Dream of Success
May 16: The Pursuit of Pleasure
May 23: The Fruits of Wisdom



The American Issues Forum is your program for the Bicentennial.

✓ Start or join local discussion groups on the Forum topics at your church, library, or on local service club, community, or civic association, or community center.

✓ Watch your television and radio for previewing of Forum programs.

✓ Look for the "Chosen By Newspaper," syndicated Forum columns, and other features in your local newspapers.

✓ Follow educational programs on the Forum running in your school and in the extension division of your local college or university.

✓ Check your local library, your State or City Bicentennial Commission, or your State Humanities Committee for news of Forum programs.

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EDUCATION

cated by New York City's near bankruptcy, which had already forced the school board to fire 5,000 regular teachers and 7,500 substitutes. That action meant that many teachers who still held jobs would have larger classes and more work to do. In Brooklyn's P.S. 79, for example, teachers last week were preparing for classes of at least 40 students each. To avert further layoffs, the board demanded that teachers give up some of their preparation periods, or free time, during the school day. Considering the financial crisis, that did not seem an unreasonable sacrifice for New York City's teachers, who have among the best fringe benefits in the nation. Their teaching day, for example, is only six hours and 20 minutes; yet most elementary teachers also have two "prep periods" a week, while secondary teachers have five. The school board did offer a small salary increase for the teachers, who now make between \$9,700 and \$20,350 per year—but Shanker rejected it as "miserly." Last week the teachers demonstrated their support of his bargaining position when they marched, 15,000 strong, over the Brooklyn Bridge on the way from Board of Education headquarters to City Hall.

Chaotic Classrooms. All this left Shanker in an unenviable position. He knew that a school strike against a city already on its knees would bring civic wrath down on the U.F.T. and might undermine its support. On the other hand,

he felt that he could not ask his teachers to give up working conditions won in earlier contracts or to fall further behind the soaring cost of living.

What Shanker did was to resort to demagoguery. He predicted that the school board's budget cuts of \$300 million would make New York City's schools "far and away the worst in the entire United States." Classrooms would be packed with as many as 45 pupils, causing "many youngsters to explode, throwing their classes into chaos, vandalizing their schools or assaulting their classmates." Finally, he stated that "any parent who possibly can will now leave the city"—a warning that could only do more harm to the image of a city already in deep trouble.

In Boston, the teachers' union voted last week to report to school when classes—and Phase 2 of the massive busing program—start this week. But negotiations over the teachers' demands for a 10% raise are stalled, and Boston could have a school strike when the teachers' contract expires on Sept. 22. The situation in Boston is further complicated by the fact that Federal Judge W. Arthur Garrity, who ordered the busing, is determined to keep the schools open. He might intervene if he thought a teachers' strike would disrupt his highly organized desegregation program.

Across the nation, pressures for increasing class size and productivity while holding down pay—coupled with the feeling that school administrators



TEACHERS MARCH ON BROOKLYN BRIDGE Preserving prep time.

and the community are not supporting them—have resulted in a growing resentment among teachers. "What is our mood?" asked one New York City teacher. "You could say it's angry, frustrated, depressed and anxious."

'Beneficial to Children'

For a professional's view of the issues involved in the current wave of teachers' strikes, TIME Correspondent Marguerite Michaels talked last week with Terry Herndon, 36, a former teacher and now executive director of the National Education Association. Some highlights of the interview:

Q. What are the common elements of teacher unrest this fall?

A. For the most part they are economically induced. Inflation has affected teachers as individuals and citizens as taxpayers. The cost of everything is up for the schools, while schools are not able to generate new revenue because citizens are hesitant to increase taxes. This causes school administrators and school boards to cut materials and supplies, to cut preparation periods, to increase the size of classes—and not to increase any salaries.

But teachers are not going to accept their situation as victims of a depressed and inflated economy. If necessary, they will strike.

Q. What about the effect of strikes on children?

A. Most strikes are beneficial to ev-

erybody—including the children. No one complains about a week out for snow, or for Christmas. Why not time out for teachers and classroom issues? Slaves cannot be teachers of free men.

Q. What do you think about court-ordered busing for desegregation?

A. Our society must be desegregated. If busing is the only way, we support it. It looks as if the schools are the places

N.E.A. CHIEF TERRY HERNDON



where integration is going to have to start.

Q. Isn't it fair for school boards to ask teachers to spend more time actually teaching—to be more productive?

A. That depends. If the teacher is already handling five classes of 30 or more, the answer is no. If we're talking about four classes of 18 and an extreme financial crisis, the answer might be yes.

Q. How can teachers be more effective?

A. The ideal class size is from 18 to 22 in elementary school, but almost all classes are much larger than that. In junior high school most teachers are dealing with 150 to 200 children a day. The teacher is expected to know them, to love them, to counsel them, to know their home situations. It's impossible.

We need to achieve lower class size, to improve the quality of the teacher-student relationship and to provide more diagnostic and therapeutic services for children who need them. But this means more personnel—and more people mean more money, more federal help.

Q. What is the mood of the nation's teachers this fall?

A. As employees they are insecure. As professionals they are uncertain. As citizens they are uptight, anxious and cynical about government.

AUTOS

More Miles for More Sales

Struggling out of their worst slump since the Depression, the nation's automakers are entering the new model year with a traditional burst of promotional ballyhoo and high hopes of recovery. Over the next few weeks, Ford, General Motors, Chrysler and American Motors will officially introduce the 1976 models now rolling off their assembly lines. Generally, the new cars will cost more than the '75s and show only the barest styling changes. But Detroit is gambling that its main selling point for '76—improved fuel economy—will bring enough buyers back to the showrooms to end the industry's two-year sales decline. While admitting to some concern that the nation's economy seems "a little bit shakier" now than it

this year, in fact, sales of domestic cars have been even softer than they were in 1974. Last year U.S. automakers sold 7.4 million cars, down 24% from 1973's record 9.7 million; this year the total may well slip under 7 million for the first time since 1962. Yet imports have been able to expand their normal 15% share of the U.S. market to 20%.

U.S. automakers say that the key to recovery is a rise in confidence among consumers that it is safe to go into debt to buy a new car. The carmakers have thus been troubled by the recent spurt in interest rates and a midsummer dip in polls measuring consumer confidence. But many Wall Street analysts believe that American motorists cannot sit on their wallets much longer. By some estimates, nervous consumers have put off buying 4 million cars over the past two years, creating a reservoir of demand that Detroit could well begin to tap with its 1976 models.

One imponderable is how the public will react to a third increase in auto prices in as many years. The cost of buying a typical car has already risen by \$1,000 since 1973. But General Motors has announced that it will raise the base prices on its 1976 models by an average of 4.4%, or about \$206 per car, and other automakers are sure to follow. To keep the hike in sticker prices below last year's 8% to 9% increases, manufacturers are changing some items that were previously listed as standard equipment into extra-cost options. The auto companies are also holding down costs by minimizing changes in body design. In-

stead, they are offering new colors, splashy paint jobs and even more luxurious interiors on some models. Ford's new Lincoln Mark IV, for example, will be available in Cartier, Bill Blass, Givenchy and Pucci "editions."

Lincoln's designer cars typify one side of today's schizophrenic auto market. Recession or no, sales of big luxury cars are booming; Cadillac's \$12,479 "international size" Seville helped carry total Cadillac sales to an alltime monthly record of 25,000 cars in July. But standard-sized cars are gathering dust on dealer lots, because the swing of more budget-conscious buyers to smaller, lighter models that are stingier on gas is developing more quickly than Detroit had expected. This year for the first time, small cars have captured more than 50% of the market.

The trend toward trimness is reflected in the few totally new 1976 cars. One is GM's Chevette, a hatchback "subcompact" that is being built in the U.S. to compete in the same price (\$3,000 to \$3,500) and mileage (roughly 38 m.p.g. on the highway) class as Volkswagen's Rabbit. Ford last week announced that it would rush a minicar entry of its own into production in Europe in time to reach the U.S. market in 1977. Chrysler plans to enter the mini field by 1980 with a front-wheel drive model, probably based on the car made by its French subsidiary, Simca.

Big-Car Feel. Chrysler's big effort this year is the introduction of two new lines of middle-sized "small luxury cars," the Plymouth Volare and the Dodge Aspen. They are part of an ambitious effort by the company to attract more of the kind of higher-income-bracket, relatively recession-resistant customers who have been buying the successful new \$5,000 Chrysler Cordoba. The Volare and Aspen lines will include sport coupé, sedan and station-wagon models, each featuring all-independent suspension to give big-car driving feel.

Ford has no entirely new cars this year, but is stressing the more efficient engines in all of its 1976 models. Ford claims that its '76s will deliver 25% better gasoline mileage than its '75 cars, which produced a lackluster 13.5 m.p.g. average in Government tests. If the public proves to be as sold on fuel economy as the automakers profess to be, Detroit's prospects could be brighter than they have been in some time.

INTERIOR OF "CARTIER EDITION" LINCOLN



JOHN H. HARRIS

CHEVROLET'S HATCHBACK CHEVETTE



did earlier this summer. Ford Chairman Henry Ford II last week predicted that "we'll have a good year in '76."

It would be about time. The industry is still feeling the effects of the energy crisis and the nation's bout with recession and double-digit inflation, which cut deeply into Americans' buying power—and Detroit's sales. So far

FORD PINTO WITH TWO-TONE STYLING



GUY A. LAWRENCE

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Honda Civic presents five very impressive mileage figures.

Reading from bottom to top:

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2. The Honda Civic CVCC Wagon. All the things you buy a wagon for—roominess and the convenience of a huge, easy-lifting hatch on the back. Plus the highest mileage of any wagon in the country: 39 mpg.*

3. The Honda Civic CVCC Sedan. Like all CVCC models, it has the Honda CVCC Advanced Stratified Charge engine. And good mileage too: 38 mpg with the 4-speed.*

4. The Honda Civic Sedan. The lowest price tag in America†. And 41 mpg* with our more conventional 1237cc engine and 4-speed transmission. That 41 mpg is second only to one other car in America—our CVCC 5-speed.

5. The Honda Civic CVCC Hatchback: 38 mpg* with the 4-speed. Seats four adults and carries a lot more cargo than you think.

They were also impressive in EPA lab tests for city driving: All got 28 mpg, except the Wagon—26 mpg. Plus they can run on regular, low-lead or no-lead gas; and don't need a catalytic converter.

The 1975 Honda Civics. The figures speak for themselves.

CVCC and Civic are Honda Trademarks.

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*Official 1975 EPA lab tests for highway driving. All

models 4 speed transmission except #1.

†Based on a comparison of 1975 manufacturers' suggested retail prices. 1975 Honda Civic 1237cc not available in CA.

HONDA CIVIC
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THE RECOVERY

A Call for Help

Should the U.S., West Germany and Japan do more to help the global economy snap back faster from the recession? Emphatically yes, says H. Johannes Witteveen, the Dutch economist who is managing director of the International Monetary Fund. At the IMF's annual meeting of finance ministers in Washington last week, Witteveen suggested that the three leading industrial powers were all but dutybound to pursue more stimulative economic policies in order to "lead the world to recovery." Witteveen's argument drew prompt rebuttals from all three nations. Said U.S. Treasury Secretary William Simon: "We believe we have taken adequate measures to protect our economy."

Stirring Plea. The case for greater stimulation in the Big Three economies is straightforward. These countries, the argument goes, have healthy trade surpluses and are entering a period of recovery while other nations are still mired in recession. The weaker countries could solve their unemployment and inflation problems much more quickly if they could earn more through increased exports of goods and raw materials to the U.S., West Germany and Japan; thus those countries should be willing to stir up their domestic economies through more aggressive fiscal and monetary measures. Not until the weaker countries begin to prosper again through trade, the argument continues, will the Big Three be able to count on them as a rich market for their own goods.

The three economic powers reject this argument for one reason: inflation

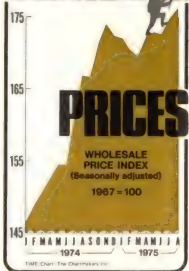
has again become a serious concern in these nations, and greater stimulation would increase the danger. While the U.S. worries about a return of double-digit inflation (see box), prices are rising at an 11.7% pace in Japan and at a 6% rate in West Germany, where inflation is a national phobia. Symptomatically, West Germany's Social Democratic government recently announced a \$2.3 billion spending program to combat rising unemployment, but coupled it with long-term austerity measures to limit the inflationary impact.

Pleas for increased stimulus probably are aimed more at Japan and West Germany than at the U.S. They are more dependent than the U.S. on earnings from foreign sales, and are traditionally inclined to sit back in times of recession and wait for their export markets to bounce back and spur their own recoveries. Yet policymakers in each of the Big Three countries protest that overstimulation will send prices skyrocketing again. They argue that it was an erosion of buying power caused by inflation that brought on the recession in the first place. But others remain unpersuaded. Although French President Giscard d'Estaing worries about his country's 10% inflation rate, he is also weary of waiting for recovery in the U.S. and West Germany to revive France's economy; last week he announced a "powerful" \$7 billion spending program aimed at quickly reversing a long decline that has cut production by 11% and left 1 million unemployed.

Price Lid. Although the IMF finance ministers were unable to agree on recovery strategy last week, they did produce an accord on one once-divisive issue: the future of gold. The ministers voted to further reduce the role of the yellow metal in monetary affairs by abolishing the "official" gold price of \$42.22 per oz. and eliminating the requirement that gold be used in transactions among IMF countries. The ministers also decided to sell one-sixth of the fund's 150 million oz. gold stockpile on the free market to raise loan money for developing nations. One result: enough bullion may be sold in the future to keep an informal lid on the price—a grim prospect for gold bugs. News of the agreement sent gold tumbling by more than \$11 per oz. on the London exchange to a twelve-month low of \$148.

The gold decision was a triumph for Washington, which has long argued that the metal was an inadequate vehicle for expanding world trade and should be phased out of the monetary system. Yet the accord cannot be ratified unless and until there is agreement on the sticky issue of currency exchange rates. Although France disagrees, the U.S. favors allowing those rates to float in foreign exchange markets—as they have since 1973—on the grounds that the resulting fluctuations help avoid monetary crises. The ministers hope to resolve the issue at another IMF meeting in January.

CLIMBING

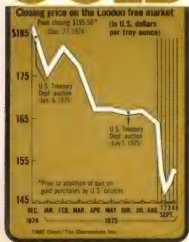


Mixed Signals

Is the U.S. headed for another prolonged struggle with double-digit inflation? So it seemed last month when the Government announced that consumer prices had surged ahead at a compounded annual rate of 15.4% in July. But the latest signs are inconclusive, if by no means reassuring. The Labor Department reported last week that wholesale prices—which usually foreshadow consumer price movements by several months—rose by "only" 0.8% in August, after a big 1.2% jump in July. The August increase, which translates into a 9.6% annual rate, was held down mainly by a drop in prices for farm products, but the figures also showed ominous increases in the cost of many industrial commodities, including electric power, natural gas and oil, which will become more in demand as the weather cools and the recovery proceeds.

On the unemployment front, the jobless rate remained unchanged in August from July's 8.4% of the work force. While unemployment among adults dipped down encouragingly, from 7.3% to 7%, the rates for blacks (14%) and teen-agers (21.1%) were up once again. Other statistics confirmed that the recovery is continuing, however. Factory orders climbed 3.6% in July from a year ago. A robust \$1.02 billion rise in consumer credit in July—the highest such increase in eleven months—suggested that Americans are regaining their willingness to borrow in order to buy major appliances and other big-ticket items. One disquieting note: corporations had scaled back their 1975 capital spending plans by \$730 million between June and August, meaning that there will be that much less business buying to help finance the rebound from recession.

TARNISHED GOLD



UPSTAIRS/DOWNSTAIRS AT THE FACTORY

"This battle will continue when I have finished. This will always be the case. I shall never solve it. There will always be people like myself to carry on to do this. There has got to be us and them. There has always got to be us and them."

Doug Peach, Union Convenor

"I think the unions have got so much power now in our plant and in the country as a whole that they don't quite know what to do. If they wish, they can prevent management from doing anything. We are no longer in a position to manage except with the consent of the unions."

—John Owen, Managing Director

The battle between labor and management in Britain took a small, hopeful turn last week. At the annual conference of the Trades Union Congress in Blackpool, delegates representing more than ten million workers voted to accept Prime Minister Harold Wilson's recently announced program of wage restraints (see box page 61). Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey called it "a unique achievement" and there was euphoric speculation that the "I'm All Right Jack" era of union truculence might be over. The optimism is probably premature. The social conflicts that underlie Britain's labor problems are nowhere near being resolved, and the budding spirit of union self-sacrifice may well prove too fragile to withstand the forecast winter of continued inflation.

Labor conflict is by no means limited to Britain. In the U.S. most industrial unions have acted with restraint during the recession. But last week one big American city after another faced walkouts by workers who were making difficult demands in a time of shrinking resources. The "English sickness"—the affliction that makes work almost an afterthought amid the ceaseless shop-floor broil of whispered conferences, noisy confrontations and tense negotiations—is most virulent in its native land. But the rest of the industrialized world knows that it has no guarantee of immunity against what is happening in Britain.

In the early 18th century, the question "Who rules Britain?" could be answered with a simple tautology. Britain was ruled by the ruling classes. More specifically, although swayed by commoners and clergy, it was ruled by one monarch, 25 dukes, one marquess, 81 earls, twelve viscounts and 63 barons. In the 19th century, the Industrial Revolution brought with it the need for a new cultural catechism, and by 1843 Historian-Seer Thomas Carlyle was prophesying the emergence of new leaders: from an "Industrial Aristocracy as yet only half-alive, spell-bound amid moneybags and ledgers," would arise noble captains of industry to lead Britain's work-holds in the fight "against Chaos, Necessity and the Devils."

During the sun-drenched days of Empire, some believed that Carlyle's prophecy had come true. But today Britain is still bedeviled, and the captains and the work-holds have been fighting each other instead of chaos. Indeed, the conflict of power between workers and employers has produced such widespread havoc in recent years that it has come close to destroying Britain's future as an industrial nation. Inflation, fueled in part by excessive union wage demands, is running at a disastrous 26.3% rate, and Britain's very economic survival depends on whether these two rival forces can forge at least a temporary truce in the long-running war between labor and management. With so much at stake, the question of who rules Britain has become almost totally identified with another and perhaps more urgent question: Who rules the shop floor?

The war between labor and management has many battlefields. One of them is a 70-acre tract

of plants in the industrial Midlands town of Darlaston, eight miles north of begrimed Birmingham. The headquarters of Britain's largest privately held company, Rubery Owen Holdings, Ltd., the Darlaston plants are among the country's largest suppliers of components to the British automobile industry: frames for Jaguar, axles for Rover, gasoline tanks for Rolls-Royce. The plants are also the foundation of a family empire established by A.E. Owen in 1893 that now includes some 20 companies in seven countries. The Darlaston plant alone accounted for more than \$56 million in sales last year; the group as a whole grossed some \$200 million, but made a pretax profit of only \$7 million.

The question that surfaces almost daily at Darlaston is "Who runs Rubery Owen?" Is it John Owen, 35, managing director, son and grandson of the Owens who have run the plant for 80 years? Or is it Doug Peach, 57, the son and grandson of bricklayers, for 33 years one of the company's 3,000 employees, now a full-time "convenor" for the largest union at Rubery Owen, the Transport and General Workers Union (TGWU)? Whether such men can find some bond of common self-interest will determine the fate of Britain's economy and Wilson's Labor government—and quite possibly more. To help assess the conflict, TIME London Correspondent William McWhirter spent two weeks with managers and workers, observing a company at war with itself.

Although they inhabit the same world, John Owen and Doug Peach still begin their day in ways that are closer to their own fathers' and grandfathers' than they are to each other's. On a typical morning at 7, Doug Peach sits slowly stirring his tea in the small front room of his two-bedroom row house on the main street of Bloxwich, a small village 5½ miles from Darlaston. Doug Jr., the youngest of the Peaches' four sons, all of whom work at Rubery Owen, was married that weekend and is now off on his honeymoon. For the first time in years, Doug and his wife Hilda face the morning routine alone, and the change is tacitly registered by the somewhat uncomfortable silence. After slicing Doug a piece of leftover wedding cake to take to work, Hilda gets ready for her trip to the neighboring village of Wednesfield, where she has a textile stall at the outdoor market.

Before leaving for work, Doug takes a brief stroll down the narrow path to the bottom of his garden. Barrel-chested and

*As convenor, Doug Peach is senior spokesman for the 54 TGWU shop stewards at Rubery Owen. Although Peach is a full-time union representative, his salary—an estimated \$170 a week—is paid by the company. John Owen's salary is estimated at \$31,600 a year.



brisk-gaited, as befits a onetime gymnast, he is a compact man who gives his height as "5 ft., buggerall" but is more like 5 ft. 5 in. He pauses to check his tomatoes, cucumbers, cabbages, beans, potatoes and onions. "These are my pride and joy," he says. "I look after them like my union members."

By 7:30, Peach has driven his year-old Ford, its seats still protectively covered in their original showroom plastic, through a working-class neighborhood of government-subsidized houses, down Owen Road and through the back gate of the plant. He enters his ground-floor office, a drab room whose walls are bare except for a few scattered snapshots of former Rubery Owen union officials. Spoiling for the day to begin, he makes his first phone call to a works manager. When it goes unanswered, Peach thunders: "Management is just getting out of bloody bed."

By 8:30, John Owen has left Four Ashes, a 16-acre estate near the pleasant village of Knowle, 25 miles from Darlaston. The rambling, rose-covered "cottage," which Owen bought three years ago for \$73,000, has a main section that dates from the 16th century. It is surrounded by spacious lawns, well-tended flower beds, a small pond and a paddock for Granby, the family pony. Later in the day the Owens' two oldest children—Rebecca, 8, and Sarah, 6—will receive riding lessons from their



Lower left to upper right: Doug Peach talks to shop stewards near canal that runs through Darlaston factory complex; main entrance to Rubery Owen; John Owen in his office

handsome blonde mother Elizabeth, 33, John's stepcousin as well as wife, the adopted daughter of his Uncle Ernest Owen. Now Owen, who has the tall (6 ft. 4 in.) athletic frame of a man once celebrated for playing rugby for England, packs the girls into his red Jaguar convertible with their younger brother Simon, 4, for the ride to their private day schools. After dropping them off, he continues driving through countryside that remains green with grazing pastures right up to the area bordering Darlaston. Like many towns in the Midlands, Darlaston resembles the fictional Coketown of Charles Dickens' *Hard Times*: "It was a town of red brick, or of brick that would have been red if the smoke and ashes had allowed it; but as matters stood it was a town of unnatural red and black."

The difference between the fiction of Coketown and the reality of Darlaston is that "you saw nothing in Coketown but what was severely workful." At Rubery Owen, an average workday seems more like a raucous political convention—or a *cinéma*

vérité version of the 1959 Peter Sellers movie, *I'm All Right, Jack*. Shop stewards and managers alike frequently spend half of their day on labor disputes, but because the men do not actually leave the plant, these countless lost hours are not even logged among the 70,000 man-days the company now loses a year. "It's like a holiday camp here," says Michael Peach, 29, a press setter operator and Doug Peach's second son.

In the steel-storage department, a dispute over what to pay the driver of a side-loader truck has bogged down at the worker, foreman and department-supervisor levels. Doug Peach enters the negotiations at the fourth stage of a ritualized dispute procedure that calls for as many as seven steps leading up to John Owen's office. The difference in question is \$5 a week. At a parley in the manager's office, Peach is told that another Rubery Owen plant pays the lower rate (\$87.55 a week).

"That has nothing to do with us," says Peach. "More bloody fools them."

"We have two men who are prepared to drive it," says the manager.

"That's fine," says Peach, "as long as we get the pay right. In the meantime, that machine will stay in that corner."

The meeting ends formally with one more failure to agree passed up to the next higher level. "We have hundreds of little incidents every week," says another manager. Only three of the ten supervisors who were working in his department several years ago remain; the others suffered physical or mental breakdowns. "They slowly crack," the manager continues. "Eventually, enough is enough."

Welding sparks fly behind the rows of green tarpaulin stalls in the blackened work barns. The ventilation in one building comes from flaps in the steel skin that are braced with odd pieces of wood. The interiors of most departments are dimly lit and cavernous. "Sophisticated equipment wouldn't necessarily go well here," says a senior executive. "Black-country laborers [so named because of the region's soot-grimed landscape] prefer physical effort, and if they're dirty, sweating and completely knocked out at the end of the day, they feel satisfied."

Not Doug Peach. He thinks that Rubery Owen employees

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

might be more interested in producing if they were not trapped among the depressing relics of wartime plant and machinery. Says Peach: "I was sure that I would have liked to have been a loser in the last war when I went to Volkswagen for four days in Germany and saw the batteries of machinery the U.S. had given them." I could look along and see presses as far as I could see at Volkswagen; and when I look at Rubery Owen, I think if there is anything that didn't go on the ark, we have got it. Only once did anyone bother to try and fix up Darlaston. That was in 1960, when Princess Margaret visited Rubery Owen. The factory had such a face-lift as we couldn't recognize it. Wherever they decided she was going to go, the paint went on. I think they must've touched up the clouds. Looks as if we got to get some other monarch down here before it has another bit of paint on it."

Two men with clipboards and tablets walk into the gas tanks department. Within minutes, a hand signal is given by the shop steward. The workers stop and line up against the wall until the interlopers can be identified. They prove to be not inspectors but sewerage contractors, and the machines start up again.

"We're not producing as much as we used to," says one senior manager. "For reasons we can't explain, they've lost interest in working." Whether the decline in production is the fault of the men or their outmoded machines is, in most instances, almost impossible to tell. In either case, the effect is the same. In one department, a manager recently took a rare check of all his assembly lines on an average day. The results:

Line 1

8:20-8:40, running

8:20-8:40, quality fault

8:40-9:15, running

9:15-2, mechanical failure

2-3:45, no crew available

3:45-4:30, running

Total workday: 100 minutes

Line 2 was not available for operation at all because of faults in a new tooling operation. On the department's other three lines, operations were interrupted by mechanical and electrical breakdowns and two 90-minute union dispute meetings.

In 1970 John Owen and his brother David, 38, who directs all the Rubery Owen operations outside of Darlaston, took control of the company. Shortly after that, "Mr. John and Mr. David," as Doug Peach refers to them, commissioned a behavioral study from an industrial-consulting firm. The consultants concluded

"In fact, Volkswagen never received any Marshall Plan aid. The company has financed almost all of its growth by reinvesting profits."



Left: John Owen takes his two daughters for a pony ride on the grounds of his Four Ashes estate. Above: Hilda & Doug Peach at work in their backyard vegetable garden.

that the company seemed more involved in labor relations than in producing things. "Management had to become more organized," says John Owen, "almost in response to the increase in organization by the trade unions." That meant exercising more control over departments used to operating with relative autonomy.

In 1973, Owen's efforts came to an abrupt and traumatic halt in a bitter, five-week, factory-wide strike from which the company has never fully recovered. "It was pure hell," says Owen. "I couldn't live through anything like it again. For 18 months, issues were coming in at the rate of eight and twelve a day, mostly invented." The issue that finally triggered the strike was a management proposal to equalize the piecework pay system. Under the old system, wages for comparable work could vary by as much as 20% from department to department. "What they were trying to do," as Peach saw it, "was take money out of the higher-paid workers' pockets and give it to the lower-paid workers. In two years' time everybody would be together at the bottom. It became a real battle of undermining the union."

Even more objectionable than the proposed wage reform was the industrial-relations expert who was selected to negotiate it—Fred Straw. Peach describes Straw as "a hatchet man," and even John Owen concedes that he was a rather aloof, overbearing man who gave the unions the false impression that "shock troops of management were coming in to sort things out."

Whether the image of managerial shock troops was fantasy or not, it provoked a strike that cost the company almost \$1.3 million. The piecework reform was dropped. Straw was transferred from Darlaston. The effort to centralize management control was abandoned for the more peaceful if ultimately unworkable status quo. Most important, the strike forcibly impressed the Owens with the limits of their power. Says David Owen: "We realized that paternalism was out, that the old gaffer-worker approach had become blurred. The old demarcations of upstairs' downstairs were out the window and well into the past. Coping

THE POLITICS OF ENVY

Surrounded by seedy peep shows, pinball parlors and bingo halls, the aging, garish Blackpool Opera House usually gives billing to vaudeville acts and variety shows. Last week, however, it housed a sober assembly of 1,000 delegates who had come to Blackpool for the annual conference of Britain's Trades Union Congress. Casting their votes on behalf of Britain's 10.3 million trade union members, the delegates overwhelmingly ratified an "incomes policy" that will limit workers to wage increases of no more than \$12.60 a week in the next twelve months. The vote was 6.9 million to 3.4 million.

Prime Minister Harold Wilson proposed the incomes policy in July as a last-ditch measure to curb the nation's disastrous 26.3% annual inflation rate. The TUC's willingness to look beyond narrow conceptions of economic self-interest raised at least tentative hopes that the nation might be moving finally toward recovery. Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey warned, however, that cost increases already in the pipeline will go on pushing up prices for several months before "the benefits of the lower pay settlements are reflected in the shopping basket." Continued price increases almost inevitably will bring on a rise in unemployment, which Healey indicated the Labor government does not intend to combat by reflation of the economy. With unemployment already heading toward 1.5 million and beyond, the unions' resolve to co-operate with the government's program may weaken well before the twelve-month agreement expires. Left-wing Union Boss Ken Gill has already protested that "this wage control is about as voluntary as rape." His was a minority voice last week, but it may not remain so.

Failure to achieve consensus on economic policy could be catastrophic. By virtually every measure of economic performance and social well-being, Britain is already far behind its chief rivals in Europe—West Germany and France—barely ahead of Italy, and apparently set on a course that could soon make it one of the poorest of the non-Communist industrial nations (see chart). Between 1967 and 1973, when growth rates were soaring in the U.S., Japan and most of Western Europe, Britain's economy expanded by an annual average of only 2.2%. At the same time, Britain was struggling with a chronic balance of payments deficit. As a result, it was especially hard hit by the 1973 rise in oil prices.

Among the main causes of Britain's poor performance was its low rate of investment in new plant and equipment. Between 1968 and 1972, Britain's gross fixed investment averaged 19.6% of annual gross domestic product, v. 25.9% for Germany, 26.3% for France and 38.7% for Japan. Investment bankers argue that ever-rising wages, combined with production slowdowns, have made British industry a risky home for capital. In fact the British penchant for investing overseas rather than at home goes back more than 50 years, and has prevailed in times of prosperity as well as depression. Investment money piled loose has too often been channeled into inefficient industries. A recent government example: Labor's plan to pump some \$2.3 million per day into the British Leyland Motor Corp., which is currently losing \$264 million a year.

Britain's economic distress has been aggravated by lavish increases in public spending, which has risen from 44.2% of the G.N.P. in 1963 to an estimated 58.4% this year. Since tax revenues have not kept pace with this upsurge and Brit-




ain's balance of payments ledger has been almost constantly in the red, much of the difference between income and outgo has been made up indirectly by borrowing from abroad.

Despite the postwar emphasis on welfare-statism, Britons are no better off than their European neighbors, who were able to finance their social benefits with revenues that accompanied faster economic growth rates. While Britain's pioneering National Health Service covers 100% of the population, between 90% and 98% of the people in Germany, Italy and France are protected by a combination of state and private medical insurance schemes. Whereas British state pensions provide only 30% of previous annual earnings to a retired couple, the rate is 50% in France, 60% in Germany.

For many Britons, the nation's high public spending has meant a steady decrease in private income. Most British workers are in a 33% income tax bracket. The top tax rate for singles is 83% on the portion of taxable income over \$38,000. This compares with a 70% maximum rate on taxable income over \$100,000 in the U.S. Even in socialist Sweden, the highest tax rate is 69%. And when they venture abroad, Britons find that their money buys increasingly less; last week the pound was worth \$2.10, v. \$2.35 only last May.

How did this situation develop? Observes TIME London Bureau Chief Herman Nickel: In the three decades since the war, probably no Western European country has placed a higher priority on achieving equality than Britain. This was a direct response to the unifying experience of World War II, when it seemed that the deep scars left by the Industrial Revolution had finally been healed. The Tories saw equality mainly in terms of equal opportunity. Labor felt that it could not be achieved without extensive redistribution of wealth. But the lofty policy of equality through taxation and redistribution degenerated into the petty politics of envy. With less and less wealth to redistribute, the policy of leveling up became in effect a process of leveling down.

As Douglas Fairbanks Jr., a lifelong Anglophile, recently observed: "In America, the workman will see someone drive by in his Cadillac and he'll say, 'That guy has a Cadillac and I don't. Some day I am going to have two Cadillacs.' In Britain, the instant reaction is: 'That man has a Rolls-Royce and I don't. He is going to come down to my level.'"

						
	GREAT BRITAIN	FRANCE	WEST GERMANY	ITALY	JAPAN	UNITED STATES
 CONSUMER PRICES Jan.-July 1975 (at compound annual rate)	+33.4%	+9.7%	+6.3%	+12.3% (Jan.-June)	+9.0%	+8.1%
UNEMPLOYMENT June 1975 (seasonally adjusted)	4.2%	5.0%	5.6%	5.5% (March)	1.8%	8.4% (July)
REAL G.N.P. GROWTH 1975 est.	+0.5%	+1.0%	-2.0%	-2.8%	+1.5%	-3.3%
G.N.P. PER CAPITA 1974	\$3,303	\$5,154	\$6,199	\$2,679	\$2,259	\$6,702
ANNUAL WAGE average per worker 1972	\$4,560	\$7,264	\$8,325	\$5,330	\$5,428	\$10,456
BALANCE OF TRADE first quarter 1975 (monthly average in millions)	-\$990	-\$227	+\$1,504	-\$315	+\$271	+\$871
LOST WORKING DAYS per 1,000 workers 1974 from strikes	587	158	40	882	184	526
OUTPUT PER MAN HOUR 1972 (index: 1957=100)	120	136	132	133	167	120

TIME Chart by V. Puglisi

"The President is fortunate to
is bursting, leaving others to

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Beautiful, talented
Mrs. Maria Conway
She and Jefferson
spent a blissful
month together
in Paris.
New E. Huntington Library
and Art Gallery



The aged Jefferson put chair, bench and
table together for more comfortable
letter writing.

Library of Congress



On this small portable writing desk
he himself designed, Jefferson wrote the
Declaration of Independence

Culver Pictures



The Charlie Burch.
(Smirnoff and root beer)

A friend of ours recently found himself with some unexpected guests, a bottle of Smirnoff and a supply of root beer. Neither he nor any one present had mixed Smirnoff and root beer before. But the occasion called for a drink, the hour was late and the only place open was a good distance away. They voted to make do with what they had.

Our friend thought the result so surprisingly good that he suggested we try it. We agreed, and we pass the simple formula along, named after its inventor.

In so doing, we have no wish to convert anyone from

plain old root beer when that's what the occasion calls for. Everything in its place, we always say.

To make a Charlie Burch, pour 1½ oz. Smirnoff into a tall glass of ice. Fill with root beer.



Smirnoff
leaves you breathless®

with that change is still the biggest thing in front of us."

The victory was Doug Peach's, but he also paid a price. In the midst of the strike, he collapsed with an attack of angina pectoris. He was away from the factory for five months. During that time, his 34-year-old marriage to Hilda came near to breaking up. "I wouldn't have liked any of my lads to have followed me into the trade union movement," he says. "It made me for a number of years become a machine."

The personalities and issues involved do not fully account for the impasse reached in 1973. Rubery Owen is at root a closed world, fixed in an intricate pattern of habits, rivalries, loyalties and hatreds. One effect of this has been to make the factory all but immune to change from the outside. Another effect has been to accentuate the profound divisions within the factory. "Inside these walls is our Berlin," says Peach. And within these walls, Hilda Peach refers to the Owens simply and without emotion as "the other side."

As a child, John Owen regularly visited the plant with his father on gala days. "At company Christmas parties, my father always played Santa Claus. Otherwise he always referred to it as 'the works,' and he must have devoted his life to it, as we didn't see much of him at home. I just thought of the factory as my father's way of life, and I assumed it would be mine some day too. My father always quoted the deathbed scene of his father, whose last words were 'Keep the flag flying.'"

Doug Peach first came to Rubery Owen under very different circumstances. In 1940, his arm badly wounded in a machine-gun attack near Lille, France, Peach escaped by sea from Dunkirk and was hospitalized for nearly 2½ years. "My father was shot up in the first World War, and I used to hear him refer to the political slogan, 'A country fit for heroes to come back to.' Instead, when I was released, I was offered a clerical job for the magnificent sum of \$8 a week. Well, I went to Rubery Owen as a spot welder and became involved with the union. The people in the department must have seen something in me they wanted, 'cause they elected me shop steward, as green as the grass."

Sixteen years ago, John Owen received his first intimation that the factory workers regarded him as someone apart. "After leaving school, I spent nine months here in apprentice training as a welder. I was 19 then, and when I was on the shop floor, I was conscious from time to time that everyone would disappear, and I would almost think that it was the end of the world and I was the only one left. They were just having a meeting, and someone was shouting and that was the beginning of the union. I didn't know what it was really going to be like. I still had this idea that it was going to be more like a family working together. At that time I certainly never saw them as adversaries. I only met Doug Peach fairly briefly at that time. He was friendly toward me, but a few managers told me he was a bad lot and to be watched very carefully."

Says Peach: "In those days, anybody was taking his life in his hands when he identified himself as a shop steward at Rubery

Owen. They have got to live with us now, but then they could still fire the steward. I knew them to close a whole section to get the man in that section they wanted. I started out with only about 300 members, but by 1958 Rubery Owen was really bottled up by one union or another. Many a time I stood under the clock and told management they had until noon to settle with me, and all the time they were standing there the clock wasn't stopping."

One of the felt but unseen influences that dominate the collective memory at Rubery Owen is John Owen's 67-year-old father, Sir Alfred, now bedridden within New Hall, the family's vast 14th century manor in Sutton Coldfield, twelve miles from Darlaston. Sir Alfred has not been seen at the Darlaston plant since

MARTIN LIGHTNER



Rubery Owen employees at work on assembly-line operation in the wheel center press department.

1972, when he suffered a massive stroke while attending church in nearby Walsall and was left incapacitated. But his small paneled office, with a Turner painting slightly askew on the wall, has been left completely and eerily untouched. A space in the factory parking lot is kept permanently in reserve for the gray Bentley he used to race around the countryside collecting speeding tickets.

Sir Alfred, a Methodist lay preacher and unabashed autocrat, is remembered with charged and mixed feelings on the shop floor. He often sided with his manual workers against the office staff, referring to the managers as "them." "Sir Alfred had more grease on the seat of his pants than any mechanic," says Peach. "Some of the old employees would think it was almost criminal to go on strike against Sir Alfred."

He signed into effect the first 40-hour agreement in the area with Doug Peach, and offered such advanced amenities for the time as company cafeterias, recreation fields and medical clinics. "His desire to help people almost got out of hand in the end," says a Rubery Owen executive. "He wanted to own people, like Krupp."

Sir Alfred is also remembered as the man who, in the opinion of the shop floor, exhausted the assets of the Darlaston factory to invest elsewhere, leaving both men and machines in poor shape to deal with the more streamlined industrial competition from Europe. That is part of the reason, says Peach, why "the unions have now got the loyalty that Sir Alfred once had."

John Owen's long days, rumpled suits, even his love of fast cars, are all reminiscent of his father. What he lacks is Sir Alfred's ease on the shop floor.

At noon, Owen leaves the upstairs canteen that is used by company officers—a large, spare uninviting room with curtainless windows, bare walls and a small central cluster of tables flanked by molded plastic chairs. He heads downstairs to the lower canteen, a far livelier place, where he is to have his picture taken while handing out first-aid certificates to a group of apprentices. The photographer poses Owen this way and that, trying to make him look comfortable among the long wooden benches packed with men who are loudly joking their way through hearty 50¢ meals. A few workers look over their shoulders. Then they quickly turn back to their plates, not out of any apparent dislike



The Owens (above) & the Peaches (right) enjoy a quiet, relaxed evening in their living rooms.

or indifference but with the embarrassment of proud men who do not want to seem too visibly interested in a visiting celebrity. Later, at a gathering of pensioners, Owen is introduced to say a brief word. "Certainly a brief word," he says. "I wouldn't want to keep you from your pork pies."

The awkward and pained formality is not regarded as personal inadequacy, but as the inevitable consequence of the distance that has grown between workers and management. Owen averages a "complete walk-around" of the plant once a month, and says that he knows some 400 or 500 of his 3,000 employees. Most of his time is spent within his narrow, paneled suite, its subdued interior of light grays and white comfortably sealed off from the din outside. Owen works so intently and noiselessly that his secretary sometimes checks through the open door to see whether he is there. "To be able to lead here in a more personal way would be more gratifying," says Owen, "but the rules of the game are different. I have to deal with the union rather than the employee. The employees become the faceless ones."

Doug Peach does not feel that the union movement has made him faceless: "Fifteen years ago, I was crying out to be accepted as a human being instead of a clock number. But there has been quite a change. I cannot see anything I am crying out for so desperately now. I don't really want to change my life at all."

By the time the 4 o'clock whistle blows across the plant, Doug Peach is already out of the factory and on his way home. He changes into his gardening pants and worn suede slippers and heads outside. There are chickens to feed and the new greenhouse, just four months old, to attend to. After hours of puttingter, Doug joins Hilda in the sitting room for a light supper of cheese and cold cuts while they watch television. Afterward, Doug's local cribbage team plays its weekly match against another working-men's club in the area. Peach thinks that the clubs, bustling nightly with pool, bingo and card games, have become "too social." He and Hilda much prefer the small pub next door, the Why Not Inn, with its brass-pulled draft beer and front room packed

with neighbors out for a quiet evening of chat and dominoes.

"I am still a member of the working class," says Peach. "There's no doubt about that. But if I go with a union card in my hand, I shall be a very happy man. I have no desire to be identified with the bow-tie class." And yet most of the bow-tie class at Rubery Owen—the managers that Peach spars with—are working-class men who were promoted from the shop floor.

At 8 p.m. John Owen arrives home. Although he keeps intending to mend the outbuildings at Four Ashes and expand the vegetable garden that he just got around to starting this summer, John limits himself to a brief stroll through the grounds before sprawling on one of the living-room lounge chairs with a double Scotch and a sheaf of work papers. He and Elizabeth usually have dinner trays in the living room while watching the 10 o'clock news. Once a year John travels to a reunion of boarding school friends for a weekend of cricket and camping out, but otherwise the Owens seldom venture beyond Four Ashes. Despite his athletic background, he rarely manages much more than a day of golf each week at the exclusive Little Aston Golf Club. He and Elizabeth regularly share an evening of bridge with a neighboring couple, and may go out one other night during the week. But they entertain at home only once or twice a year.

The changes in class structure that have made Doug Peach "a



happy man" have left the Owens confused and somewhat embittered. Elizabeth Owen, who worked first as her father's secretary and then as John Owen's secretary, says: "I've lived with the company all my life. John is going through exactly what my father went through. He looks and acts older than his years. He needs about ten pints of beer in him before he will relax. The union men, they just start at 7:30 and finish up at 4. I still remember a power cut one winter when Daddy and I sat in our offices with our coats on and sent down our own electric heaters to the staff. But the temperature still wasn't high enough for them and they just went home. They were always niggling, fiddling, shortsighted. They couldn't understand that we were trying to do things for them. That was what hurt me so deeply."

"I'm not complaining about my way of life," says Owen. "I don't go on overseas holidays or anything else, but I have everything that I want. I live comfortably at Four Ashes, but it will take me 20 years to pay it off. Outside of Rubery Owen, I don't own stocks and shares and I'm mortgaged up to my neck. My grandfather died at 60, my father had his stroke at 60, my uncle died at 56. Either we're a very short-lived family or it has something to do with the business. If we had been forced to sell out, we would have been better off than we are now."

Both Owen and Peach link—and sometimes identify—the

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fate of Rubery Owen with the fate of Britain. Both, in their distinctly separate ways, share a sense of loss about the nation as well as the company.

ON THE STATE OF BRITAIN:

Owen: Britain is like a ship without a rudder. In the past ten years we have had no leadership at all. Trudeau, Giscard, Schmidt all put our leaders into a cocked hat. The majority of people are living in Cloud Cuckoo Land. There is the feeling that they will be looked after, come what may.

Peach: When you were a child, you had it drilled into you that Great Britain was great. But what are we today? When a twopenny-ha'penny sergeant like Amin takes the urine out of Britain, it's a pretty mean level we have sunk to. And now that we are in the Common Market, we are just like all those other countries who have foreigners making decisions for us.

ON POLITICAL PARTIES:

Owen: I cannot accept socialism, but I'm not very happy with the Conservative Party. It doesn't have any clearly discernible policy other than wanting to put the clock back 20 years. It just doesn't seem very realistic.

Peach: I am loyal to my class. It is the only reason I vote Labor, because the party is now run by bloody academics. It isn't the working class representing the working class any more.

ON BRITISH INDUSTRY:

Owen: Time is not on our side. Industry has become increasingly uncompetitive with other countries, and with our seeming inability to grow, it's going to be increasingly hard for people like me to stay in business.

Peach: We keep getting all this cheap stuff from abroad to put our own workers out of work. Somebody's unloading goods on Britain from countries where people are happy with a bowl of rice a day.

For 2½ years there have been no major work stoppages at Rubery Owen. But there still has not been the kind of cooperation between management and labor that is necessary if the company is to weather Britain's current economic crisis. The recession within Britain's strike-prone automobile industry has hit the Darlington plant hard. Orders have dropped by 30% to 35% in the past 18 months. Three hundred jobs have been lost this year; hundreds more will be at stake over the next twelve months.

John Owen is fatalistic: "The problem facing us is one of survival. I have asked the unions what they want. I even asked whether the fact that this is a family business was a stumbling block. They said it wasn't. I've talked about giving them more of an interest in running the company. The response was disappointing. They mistrust ownership shares because of what happened to companies like Rolls-Royce when they went bust. Workers lost not only their jobs, but part of their savings as well.

"I can't see for the life of me why there is no common interest. Maximum efficiency is good for both management and the unions because it produces greater profit. By all means let's argue how much of that profit is distributed to the work force, but for goodness' sake let's produce. The trade unions must accept, with all the power they have, some responsibility. I feel absolutely emotional about it because... it is so bloody stupid. It's like trying to walk across swampland. You know where you want to get, but there are all these things to prevent your legs from moving."

Measured against some of Britain's more leftist labor leaders, Peach is not at all radical. "They tried to get in here," Peach recalls of some extremists. "I crushed the bastards." Nonetheless,

Peach sees little ground for "common interest" in a factory that always seems to be divided into "them" and "us." "Management should understand that it is like the Yanks and Russia," he says. "You have enough strength to cancel each other out. If the unions were not as powerful, the clock would go back because I don't think that breed ever alters. We just don't work as partners. When they want something, they talk about common interest. But whenever we've needed anything, we have either had to knock it out of them or almost rape them for it.

"There is no satisfaction in ruining the company. Nobody would have jobs. If the Lord spares me, I hope to finish my working life here at Rubery Owen. But it's no good blaming the unions for the state of the company. Management are there to manage. If I were a part of management, I'd try to find the answers. Since I'm not, I'm not going to do their thinking."

While pugnacious Doug Peach speaks of labor and management as "the Yanks and Russia," John Owen speaks nostalgically of an elusive "family spirit of generations of people on the shop floor whose fathers and grandfathers came here to work." Peach's is the dominant reality. But once a year the clock seems to move back to a time that John Owen yearns for.



At head table in upstairs canteen, John Owen & relatives join hands and sing Auld Lang Syne at the close of the "24th Annual Long Service Employees Dinner."

It is Friday night, and the Owen family is assembled at the head table in the upstairs canteen for the "24th Annual Long Service Employees Dinner." Five men who had worked at Darlington for 50 years receive gold watches, and John Owen gives a report to satisfy the employees' presumed curiosity about farflung members of the Owen family. Elizabeth's stepmother, he confides, has married a horse surgeon and is living in the U.S. Sister Grace and her husband David are down with the mumps. Wife Elizabeth has been let down by the babysitter and is very sorry to be missing the dinner for the first time in years. "Sir Alfred has asked me to pass on his love and best wishes to you all," he concludes.

Board Chairman David Owen then gives a sober report on the state of the company. "Some of our equipment did get very old, and we did manage to find \$10 million somewhere and put it in. But the well runs dry and we can't do this again." Still, he says, "we can all work together to solve our problems." Later an organist plays *The Good Old, Bad Old Days*. A vote of thanks to the Owens is proposed by A. Manning of the supply department, and the entire group joins hands to sing *Auld Lang Syne*.

The Many Patterns of Allah

The word Islam means submission—to the will, it is implied, of Allah. No religion was more appropriately named. At the height of its conquests in the 8th century A.D., the empire of Islam stretched from the Atlantic beaches of Portugal to the western fringe of China. It encompassed half the known world. This Moslem superstate was the largest religious and political bloc mankind had seen since the Augustan empire, and it had all been consolidated in a little more than 100 years after the death of the prophet Mohammed, in 632.

Fear of the crescent and the scimitar was one of the fundamental experiences of Christian culture in Mediterranean Europe for nearly 1,000 years, until Don John of Austria broke the Turkish navy at the Battle of Lepanto. In Western eyes, it endowed Persians, Turks and Arabs with an extraordinary strangeness, an "otherness," of which echoes are heard to this day. One of the areas in which they persist, however faintly, is that of art. Given the collections of it in the U.S., not to mention the undying appetite for Oriental carpets, one could hardly say that Islamic art is unfamiliar to Americans. Yet the ceramics and glasswork, the architecture and mural decoration, the metalwork and (except for Mughal miniatures) the paintings that form the relics of this vast imperial culture are much less known to museumgoers than their equivalents from Japan or China.

Swift Irregularity. So the current exhibition, *Art of the Arab World*, at Washington's Freer Gallery is not to be missed. Organized by Art Historian Esin Atil, from the encyclopedic stores of the gallery's own collection, the show contains 80 objects, many of superb aesthetic interest, ranging across a period of 800 years. It does not include Turkish or Persian work. As the name implies, the focus is on Arab art as such—mainly from Syria, Egypt and Iraq.

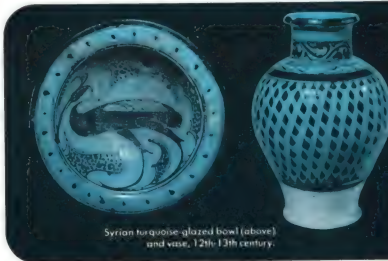
The show is particularly rich in pottery: lusterware, invented in Baghdad during the Abbasid dynasty (750-1258) in order to mimic the richer gold or silver dishes used by the court, elaborate dishes and bowls; and several examples of that ethereal and, for some reason, uncopiable turquoise-glazed black-figure ware which was produced in Syria around the 12th century. One plate (see cut) bears the design of a heron, stalking with incomparable grace through this background color as if through azure water. The body of a vase is adorned with leaf-shaped flecks of black, each done with one movement of the brush, but the design—in all its swift irregularity—is full of vitality. The Arabic mastery of pattern was absolute.

One thing everyone "knows" about Islam is that it prohibited artists from painting the human figure. In fact, this was not wholly true. The Koran had nothing to say on the matter. Prophetic tradition banished figures from the walls of mosques, for fear of idolatry; but there was no rule against secular figure painting. Therefore, the decoration of all the great mosques of Islam was nonfigurative, but there was nothing heretical about the secular miniatures—of astrological images, courtly scenes or scientific inventions—represented in this show. Arab culture was pragmatic. Almost everything the Italian Renaissance knew of medicine and chemistry, for instance, was transmitted to it through Ar-

frustrating not to be able to read the page. (In a less exalted context, this becomes an advantage: neon signs never look more beautiful than in Arabic.)

But there is a deeper level of unfamiliarity. Since the early 15th century, European art has been so much concerned with finite space, with place and solidity rendered through perspective and tone, that we find it hard to grasp the forms of Islamic art—its "arabesques," those complicated embellishments that twine like morning-glories across every surface, an undulant line branching into to unimaginably complicated mazes, knots, overlays, repeats and meander patterns. One is faced, not by another decorative style, but by a wholly different notion of space and substance.

The decorative pattern breaks up the color. It volatilizes what once



Syrian turquoise-glazed bowl (above) and vase, 12th-13th century.

abic versions of Greek texts, which often required drawings of the human body. The Freer show contains several scientific manuscripts. One is a splendidly decorated version of a herbal by the Greek naturalist Dioscorides. Another is a fascinating 14th century manuscript on water clocks, paddle wheels and the like, al-Jazari's *Book of Knowledge of Ingenious Mechanical Devices*.

Nevertheless, the look of Islamic art is overwhelmingly abstract and, to a Western eye, puzzlingly so. This is partly due to the circumstance that, illiterate in Arabic, a Westerner cannot decipher the inscriptions or savor the interplay between conceptual and visual meaning in Islamic calligraphy. One can visually enjoy the writing on an 8th century Koran page; the angular Kufic script done in a swordsman's strokes, decisive and muscular; the rich gold foliations round the white chapter heading; the placement of red dots, fit to make Mondrian despair. Nevertheless, it is

was solid, rendering substance—bronze, stucco, tile or parchment—almost immaterial. This was no less true of relatively small objects like a 13th century Syrian canteen in silver inlaid brass (see color page), with its elaborate conflation of Islamic and Christian imagery arranged in dense concentric bands, than of vast architectural projects like the tilework of the Alhambra in Granada. It is hard—perhaps impossible—to hold the entire pattern in one's mind, even when looking at it.

This leisurely elaboration is unique to Arab art. It proclaims that there is always "world enough and time." Pattern, repeating and transforming itself, becomes a metaphor of infinity. No wonder the style seems so appropriate to a culture of mathematicians. At a time when the visual talents of the Arab world appear to have sunk to brass ashtrays, souvenir hookahs and oil-rich Castro Convertible kitsch, it is a joy to see what went before. **Robert Hughes**



Page from a Koran, ink and gold on parchment, 8th-9th century.



Silver inlaid Syrian canteen, mid-13th century.



Enameled and gilded glass bottle,
Syrian, mid-14th century.

Is there an answer to the smoking question?

Should people smoke? They've been battling that one since the smoking controversy started. Smokers have an answer. Non-smokers have another answer. And the critics of smoking think they have all the answers.

But arguing whether people should or shouldn't smoke isn't going to change anything. The reality is that people do smoke. And they will continue to smoke. No matter what anyone says.

So perhaps a more realistic question would be: what should a smoker smoke?

If some smokers don't want to give up smoking yet find themselves concerned about 'tar' and nicotine, then the critics could well recommend that they switch to a low 'tar' and nicotine cigarette. Like Vantage.

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FILTER: 12 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. 75.



QUARTER HORSES BREAKING FROM THE STARTING GATE FOR ALL-AMERICAN FUTURITY

SPORT

Million-Dollar Dash

As the grandstand crowd belled up to the rail, the jockeys eased their mounts into the gate. The starter held them there for a moment; then they were off. Nine two-year-olds broke into the head of the stretch and pounded past the grandstand in a cavalry charge. So far, it was just like any other horse race. But instead of rounding the turn and racing up the backstretch, the horses slowed to a stop. Fans swarmed onto the track and filled the air with flying Stetsons.

In the time it took to read the previous paragraph, the world's richest horse race was over. The million-dollar quarter-mile All-American Futurity, run last week at Ruidoso Downs, N. Mex., was won in exactly 21.98 sec. As the ultimate sprint for quarter horses—cowboy mounts bred for brief bursts of speed, often by crossbreeding with thoroughbreds—the Futurity yielded an opulent purse of no less than \$330,000 to the winner, a fat 58% more than the \$209,600 first prize at the Kentucky Derby. Even the tenth horse, which was scratched, collected \$27,000.

Bejeweled Blondes. The natural home of quarter-horse racing is Texas, where ranchers have long enjoyed pitting their fastest horses against the pride of their neighbors. But race-track betting is outlawed in Texas. As a result, the twin capitals of quarter-horse racing—and the site of the All-American Futurity for 17 years—are the adjoining towns of Ruidoso and Ruidoso Downs, located in the bone-dry Sacramento Mountains, across the state line from El Paso. Every Labor Day weekend the

population of these sleepy communities soars from 5,000 to 35,000 as quarter-horse fanatics swarm in by Cadillac and Continental Mark IV, jam the local airstrip with private jets, and fill every hotel room within a radius of 70 miles. Experience has taught the owners of bars and nightspots to hire armed guards to prevent gun fights.

On race day a crowd of more than 15,000 pours into the small Ruidoso Downs track. In the exclusive Jockey Club, ranchers and oilmen accompanied by bejeweled blondes in cowboy boots unload fistfuls of \$100 bills at the tote windows. Their bets, combined with those of the grandstand, bring the handle to \$200,000.

Except for a \$25,000 donation from the track, the rest of the million-dollar purse comes from eager horse owners who ante up nomination fees in the form of eight escalating, nonrefundable installments before the race. In January 1974 more than 1,000 owners started paying for last week's race by putting up \$50 each to enter 1,200 quarter horses only a few months old. One hundred and ninety-four stuck it out through the \$2,500 fee required to qualify last month for the final trials.

By race day, three of the original 1,200 horses were recognized favorites: Chick Called Sue, owned by Texas Trial Lawyer Aubrey Stokes; Rocket's Magic, belonging to Louisiana Fish Merchant Bill Thomas; and Bugs Alive, a filly bred by Ralph Shebestor, owner of an Oklahoma oil rig repair company. In the starting gate, the three favorites were stationed side by side. Bugs Alive broke clean—a critically important advantage

in so short a dash; Chick Called Sue stumbled badly; and Rocket's Magic quickly fell behind. Bugs Alive led all the way. "For the last 100 yards I just put my feet on the dashboard," laughed Jockey Jerry Burgess. Owner Shebestor was more restrained. "The reason I'm pleased," he said, "is the honor and prestige that goes with winning this race." To say nothing of the first-place purse.

Pros in Traction

There was a time when the pro football exhibition season, like baseball spring training, was geared to getting players into shape. It was a time for testing rookies, rendering the excess fat off veterans, and giving fans a chance to see some scrimmaging for a nominal price. No longer. With owners trying to make a buck wherever they can, preseason games have turned into a top-price gouge for fans (tickets can run as high as \$10). More important, the early games can be dangerous, injury-inducing torture for athletes forced to play hard before their bodies are ready. By last week, with the regular season still a fortnight away, the casualty list was lengthening into the roster of an all-pro team in traction. A sampling:

► New York Jet second-string Quarterback Al Woodall is out for the season with an injured knee.

► New Orleans Saint Quarterback Archie Manning, out 4 to 6 weeks with a chipped elbow.

► Atlanta Defensive End Claude Humphrey, out for the season with torn knee ligaments.

► Buffalo Bill Cornerback Robert James, out for the season with a knee injury.

► Miami Dolphin Safety Dick Anderson, out for 6 to 8 weeks with a bad knee.

► New York Jet Safety Steve Tannen, out for the season with an injured shoulder.

► New England Offensive Tackle Tom Neville, out for the season with a broken leg.

The list runs on, and already includes at least 15 top players. For some teams, the injuries spell disaster. The Saints without Archie Manning to direct their offense will probably go nowhere. "I'm just sick," says Manning. "What is so disheartening is that I was having my best preseason. We were making progress toward a more productive offense." For the Jets, the loss of Woodall leaves the team without an experienced quarterback in reserve behind fragile Joe Namath who has already put in three weeks on the sidelines with a pulled side muscle.

All the injuries, of course, could merely be a coincidence—the breaks of the game. But fans and players alike could be forgiven for wondering if the cost of the trade off between preseason profits and reduced conditioning time is not out of balance.

"They are like Hope and Crosby, like Laurel and Hardy. They have just the right chemistry," says Director Mark Rydell of his current stars, **James Caan** and **Elliott Gould**. On location in Mansfield, Ohio, for the filming of a comedy titled *Harry and Walter Go to New York*, the pair portray 1890s vaudevillians who end up in prison with an urbane safecracker, played by **Michael Caine**. Caan and Gould get wind of Caine's plot to break out of jail and into a bank, and before long they are racing him to the vault. To the actual habitués of Ohio State Reformatory, where part of the movie was shot, it sometimes seemed that the wrong folk were behind bars. During a between-scenes football game that included Gould, Caan and a stunt man, Gould caught a long pass from his co-star and celebrated by doffing his



QUEEN ELIZABETH WITH HENRY VIII AND SMILING FROM A DAISY VALENTINE

Treadwell asked 29 artists to submit something new in the way of royal portraiture. Last week his West End art gallery displayed the results, which included paintings of Her Majesty sipping tea from a Union Jack mug, holding hands with Henry VIII, rowing a boat and grinning from a heart-shaped valentine of daisies. "I see them as very affectionate portraits, but I don't know how she would see them," said Treadwell, explaining why he did not send the Queen an invitation to his exhibit. Despite her absence, he added, business has been brisk with tourists. The Queen, he said happily, "is good for exports."

Sedaka's Back, promises the album cover of **Nail Sedaka**, 36, the pop tunesmith who set penny krafers dancing with his like *Breaking Up Is Hard to Do*. For now, however, Sedaka is simply back out of work. Hired as a show opener for a tour by **Richard and Karen Carpenter**, Sedaka lasted seven days at the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas and then was abruptly fired. "I was asked to leave because of standing ovations," complained the singer-songwriter, whose big receptions by Vegas crowds made him a hard act for the Carpenters to follow. At least breaking up is getting easier: Sedaka announced last week that he had accepted an invitation to return to the Riviera in December—this time as a headliner.

"This show demonstrates that photography is accepted as an art," exulted Photographer **Richard Avedon** of his exhibition at Manhattan's Marlborough Gallery. Avedon, 52, who helped revolutionize fashion photography by focusing beyond cosmetic beauty on the human side of his models, has put over 100 portraits on view, and prints of 75 on sale. Like that of Sculptress **June Leaf**, 46, most photographs show an unsmiling subject, slightly off center,



ELLIOTT GOULD, JAMES CAAN & MICHAEL CAINE POSE FOR A MUG SHOT

clothes and leaping around the end zone. "The prison guards," observed Caan, "didn't seem to understand."

Few ex-convicts receive the warm greeting from society given to former Illinois Governor **Ore Kerner**. Convicted in 1973 on charges of mail fraud, bribery and tax evasion, Kerner spent seven months in prison before his parole in March to undergo an operation for lung cancer. Last week as an organ growled out *Stouthearted Men*, Kerner strode into a testimonial dinner in Springfield, Ill., to thank 1,100 friends for their support. "In prosperity, it's very easy to find a friend. In adversity, it's one of the most difficult things," observed Kerner, now 67 and director of a program to improve prisoner morale. Responded Illinois' current Governor, **Dan Walker**: "He's paid his debt to society. We ought to welcome him back."

Golfer **Lee Trevino** won last year because he could "talk a cowgirl out of her boots." Now the 700 members of the Girls Rodeo Association have given their "Man on the Trail" award to part-time Cowboy **Steve Ford**, 19, the President's youngest son. Despite competition from Actors **Warren Beatty** and Tennis Star **Jimmy Connors**, Ford rode off with the prize, a silver belt buckle. "He's just about the closest thing to the big man in Washington—an outdoor type with executive demeanor," cooed Association President **Margaret Clemmons**. "The girls would love to tie up with him on the trail to happy destiny."

"I can't remember ever seeing a portrait of **Queen Elizabeth** which wasn't academic and dull. None of them show her doing a modern job," said London Gallery Owner **Nicholas Treadwell**, 37. So, hoping to replace formality with fun,



PHOTOGRAPHER RICHARD AVEDON IN A SELF-PORTRAIT, ARTIST JUNE LEAF

standing before a plain white backdrop. "June is one of the most beautiful women I've ever photographed," said Avedon of Leaf. "What came forward was not the fact that she has a beautiful face, which she has, but her quality as a woman." If Avedon's subjects are beautiful, so are his prices. An 8-in. by 10-in. print costs \$175, while a couple of huge blowups, including a 360-in. by 96-in. enlargement of Artist **Andy Warhol** and members of The Factory, are on sale for \$20,000.

Birds do it, bees do it, even celebrities do it. Now the precise details of how 28 prominent Americans lost their virginity have been compiled in a new book, *The First Time* (Simon & Schuster; \$7.95), written by husband and wife Freelancers **Karl** and **Anna Taylor Fleming**. "There was candlelight and wine and nice music and considerable fumbling," recalled *Fear of Flying* Author **Erica Jong** of her first bedding with a Columbia University sophomore. "I don't remember it being painful or bad," she disclosed, "nor do I remember the earth moving." Columnist **Art Buchwald** succumbed to the charms of a 30-year-old chambermaid at the Long Island resort where he worked one summer. He was 15 at the time, said Buchwald, "and I think she seduced me." Comedienne **Joan Rivers** spent \$42 on a brand new dress for the big event. "The whole thing lasted about a minute and a half," she reported, "including buying the dress." Actor **Jack Lemmon** was a student at Harvard whose big encounter became a case of *coitus interruptus* when a parking-lot attendant discovered him entangled with a girl in a borrowed convertible. Said Lemmon: "If that didn't turn me off, nothing would." Despite such

traumas, the first time was never the last for the Flemings' subjects. Actress **Mae West**, 83, who first performed for her music teacher at the age of 13, later elaborated on the theme. "I had a whole band one time," she disclosed blithely. "I was just fickle."

What's this? Sultry **Cher**, with smoking eyebrows, dressed in chrome jeans? With green hair, holding a mercury ball? Indeed. To live up to the opening sequence of Cher's TV show this season, the producers hired **Rollin Binzer**, **Jim Benedici** and **Leslie Brooks**, three film makers who call themselves Kid Millions. Using photographs of their subject, the three painted on Daliesque wardrobes, added laser lights to create an eerie effect, and built a 58-second animated lead-in to the program. "I love it," announced the star after watching the first screening. "The only trouble is, it will make the rest of our show look like the 11 o'clock news."



CHER SHOWS A NEW LOOK FOR THE START OF HER TELEVISION SERIES



COMEDIENNE JOAN RIVERS, ACTOR JACK LEMMON & MAE WEST
THINK BACK TO THE FIRST TIME



RELIGION

Man from the Vatican

Inside the tiny church, parishioners crowded close to get a better view of the visitor, dressed splendidly in a braided gold miter and brocade cope. As they watched, the prelate moved in front of a large table, pronouncing the words of blessing with a Maurice Chevalier accent and making the sign of the Cross over hammers and screwdrivers, a violin, a teacher's notebook, a housewife's wooden spoon, an artist's brushes.

The Blessing of the Tools is a Labor Day tradition at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church in Fairfax Station, Va., and this year the man who had come to do the honor was the Pope's ambassador to U.S. Catholicism. For Archbishop Jean Jadot, who logs more air miles than President Ford, it was a typical visit to small-town America. Jadot has given a speech in Nashville's Grand Ole Opry House (saying a few good words for country music), climbed aboard a corn combine during a rural-life conference in Iowa, and said Mass for Vietnamese refugees in Indiantown Gap, Pa.

If the U.S. were like the 82 countries that maintain diplomatic relations with the Vatican, Jadot would be a nuncio, a papal ambassador accredited to the capital. In the absence of such ties, Jadot's mission as Apostolic Delegate is directly to the U.S. church. His duties, nonetheless, embrace the diplomat's task of reporting home on every pertinent detail about his host country. In his two years in the U.S., Archbishop Jadot has plunged into American life as no other Apostolic Delegate has done since the post was established in 1893.

A priest for four decades, Jadot, now 65, was born into a prominent Belgian family of engineers, but gave up certain secular success for a priestly vocation. As chief chaplain to Belgium's colonial forces in the Congo, a friend recalls, he learned to walk a tightrope, quietly encouraging Congolese independence while the army steadfastly opposed it. In 1968, Pope Paul made him a titular archbishop and tapped him to be a papal envoy, first to Thailand, then to several posts in West Africa.

1,000 Words. In the U.S., Jadot "looks upon the whole country as his parish," a fellow bishop notes. "He has grasped the ethnic culture of Cleveland and the Chicano culture of the Southwest. He understands Guam and the problems of blacks." Jadot's casual style is in itself quite American. A few weeks after his arrival in Washington, a group of priests invited him to dinner; he accepted on condition that he could wear sports clothes. He will spend hours chatting over beers with young seminarians, or take a break from his 16-hour workday to tool off in his Volkswagens for a walk in one of Washington's parks.



ARCHBISHOP JADOT IN WASHINGTON
A few good words for country music.

To Jadot's buff limestone headquarters on Massachusetts Avenue come scores of U.S. periodicals which are examined by the speed-reading prelate (1,000 words per minute in English) and six assistants. Jadot briefs the Holy See on many subjects, from the controversy over women priests to such matters as American help for famine-stricken countries, the feelings of U.S. Jews about Vatican policies, even advances in the techniques of mass communications. Most dispatches go to Rome by sealed diplomatic pouch, but more urgent messages are cabled in the Vatican's own diplomatic code.

Vanishing Breed. Some of Jadot's most important messages concern candidates for U.S. bishoprics. When a see is vacated, a committee of U.S. bishops sends Jadot a terna—a list of three candidates for the job. Jadot prepares his own assessments of the men, then sends the list to the Sacred Congregation for Bishops. Pope Paul makes the final decision. So far, the 35 bishops who have been appointed to U.S. dioceses since Jadot's arrival in the U.S. show a distinct trend that the Vatican favors. They tend to be pastoral leaders, "holy men with intelligence," as one bishop puts it, who get out among the people—such men as Santa Fe's Robert Sanchez, 41, the first Mexican-American archbishop in the U.S. The more remote and authoritarian administrators of past decades are a gradually vanishing breed.

American Catholics, Jadot observes, now rely less on formulaized doctrine, but show "a deepening of faith." Even among the left and right extremists in the church, he perceives that "there is always something good in what they want." Returning the compliment, conservative and liberal Catholics show a rare unity in their warm approval of the man from the Vatican.

CINEMA

Pulling the Stops

A PAIN IN THE A—
Directed by EDOUARD MOLINARO
Screenplay by FRANCIS VEBER

The aggravation! You just would not believe it. Which is all right too, because no one is meant to.

The excellent Lino Ventura appears as your ordinary, tough, proficient hit man for hire. His job, this time out, is to shoot down a witness who threatens to "blow the lid off" a rather sensitive government scandal. The exact nature of the disgrace is unspecified, but there is no mistaking Ventura's dedication. He rents a hotel room in the French town of Montpellier and starts unpacking his sniper gear from a specially rigged suitcase lined with foam rubber.

Now just next door is Jacques Brel, a shirt salesman whose wife has run off with her psychiatrist. Woebegone even at the best of times, the salesman is having one of his worse days. He decides to commit suicide. Of course, he bungles the job. He bungles everything. His suicidal impulses impinge on Ventura's concentration, eventually even threaten his mission.

Before long—and *A Pain in the A—* is nothing if not brisk—Ventura is forced to take Brel under his wing, approximately the place where his rifle butt ought to be.

If Brel succeeds in killing himself, then the death will have to be reported to the police, company that Ventura can easily do without. Ventura makes an attempt to do Brel's job for him—out in the country with a single, simple pistol shot—but is totally undone by events, which include having to drive a hysterical pregnant woman to a clinic.

Confusion is redoubled, then compounded, a state of affairs useful for farce of this order but a rather hectic substitute for true fun. What is most enjoyable in *A Pain in the A—* is the face of Ventura, racked like an oak stump, as he suffers the slings of wholly outrageous fortune.

Jay Cocks

Undercover Chaos

RUSSIAN ROULETTE
Directed by LOU LOMBARDO
Screenplay by TOM ARDIES, STANLEY MANN
and ARNOLD MARGOLIN

There is nothing much new in the dirty game of spying, so innovation is not the strongest suit of *Russian Roulette*. Predictable as it is in plot, however, the movie has an array of disfranchised, quirky characters and an eye for certain dank dead ends of human endeavor that give it a disconcerting, fresh quality.

Director Lou Lombardo, making his

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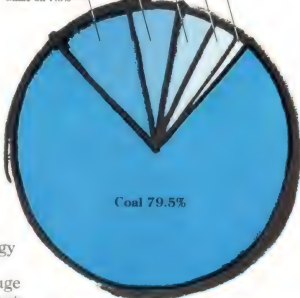
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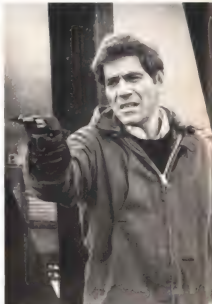
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CINEMA

first feature, is a former film editor who cut *The Wild Bunch* and a great many of Robert Altman's movies. Like Altman, he knows how to catch an audience unawares, how to embellish and tantalize. A good example of Lombardo's expeditious, off-angle characterization is his introduction of a character named Henke (Val Avery), who is being sought by various intelligence agencies so that he can be put on ice. Henke, a sour, anonymous-looking man lugging a brown paper bag of groceries and a fresh copy of *Playboy*, retrieves a rubber ball for a bunch of neighborhood kids. They ask him to give it back, and he looks, for a moment, uncertain. Then he throws the ball through the glass window of a nearby apartment, whose tenant rushes out and starts after the startled kids. Henke laughs all the way home.

Unfortunately, the script of *Russian*



SEGAL IN *ROULETTE*
Bluffness and muscle.

Roulette does not match its vignettes. George Segal, rumpled and deftly exhausted, appears as an intelligence operative named Shaver, suspended from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police for decking a superior officer. Looking for a little freelance work to fill in the time before he goes back to his regular job, Shaver is recruited by a cynical spy named Petapiece (Denholm Elliott), the sort of fellow who sneaks a drag on someone's cigarette if it is left unintended for a moment. Petapiece's proposition to Shaver is the elimination of Henke, a notorious political troublemaker who may be plotting to assassinate Premier Alexei Kosygin during his imminent visit to Toronto.

Henke, however, is abducted before Shaver can get to him. Who has Henke, and Henke's true political allegiance.

TIME, SEPTEMBER 15, 1975

become matters of increasingly risky perplexity. A hit man (nicely played by Richard Romanus) shows up from Detroit and makes the first of many attempts on Shaver's life. Before things settle down, the KGB, the CIA and the Mafia all get involved, and all, for their respective reasons, get sore at Shaver. Even his girl friend (Cristina Raines) grows testy. Shaver deals with all the vexations as best he can, with bluff and a little muscle, looking the while as if he just wants to get away on vacation.

Russian Roulette is the sort of slender, dispensable but diverting story that needs many spurious complications to give it heft. The only real surprises it has to offer, though, are directorial grace notes. They indicate that Lombardo is a film maker capable of better things who ought to have the chance to do them.

Jay Cocks

From the Depths

BUG

Directed by JEANNOT SZWARC

Screenplay by WILLIAM CASTLE and THOMAS PAGE

It would not be fair to say that those responsible for *Bug* are entirely without resource or a sense of novelty, however grotesque. They contrive, for example, to extend the limits of black humor by turning a scene of a woman being burned to death into a laugh sequence. That this is done inadvertently only increases the merriment.

Yonder somewhere in the California boonies, an earthquake shakes up a small town and sends a deep fissure straight down the middle of one farmer's property. Out of the depths crawls a strange and sinister variety of insect. These nasty buggers can start fires, attach themselves to humans and, as the police reports put it, "inflict serious damage resulting in death." How they manage to do this and where they come from are matters of the greatest interest to James Parmier (Bradford Dillman), a slightly out-of-kilter science professor at the local college. He takes to studying the diabolical little things and unknowingly transports a couple home.

One of them gets into his wife Carrie's (Joanna Miles) hair while she is cooking a birthday dinner. The bug gets a pretty good blaze going, and it is not long before Carrie is rushing around her California ranch-style house trying to extinguish herself, all the while looking as if she has just been hot-wired in a beauty shop. She expires, however, and Husband James goes even crazier. The fire bugs stun him with a show of their united intelligence and strength. Completely snapped, Parmier tumbles into the fissure, the bugs besieging and barbequing him relentlessly, and the earth swallows them all up. Man was not meant for such knowledge, or for such movies either.

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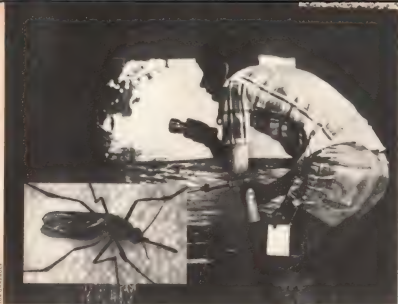
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MEDICINE

The St. Louis Type

Every summer and fall, parts of the U.S. are stricken by outbreaks of encephalitis, or inflammation of the brain, caused by insect-borne viruses. But this year's outbreak may prove to be the worst in a decade. Hundreds of suspected cases of St. Louis encephalitis (SLE)* have been reported by health officials in Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Indiana, Missouri, North Dakota, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio and New Jersey. The disease has reached epidemic proportions in two other states. In Mississippi, encephalitis has afflicted some 200 people and killed more than 30. In Illinois, the disease has struck more than 100, and is suspected in three deaths.

Elderly Ailment. Inflammation of the brain—which leads to fever, convulsions and, in some cases, death—can be caused by any of a large variety of viruses or bacteria or can follow a wide range of other illnesses. But the bugs responsible for the current outbreak of encephalitis are unique. They are "arboviruses," a contraction for arthropod-borne viruses. The arthropod that carries the virus is, in this case, an insect with jointed feet—the common mosquito—that has been particularly numerous and active in large areas of the U.S. this year. Mosquitoes pick up the arboviruses when they bite birds, which usually carry the viruses without being ill themselves, and transmit them when they feast on the blood of their next victim.

Until improved insecticides destroyed many of the mosquitoes that

transmit encephalitis, the disease often hit thousands each year. Despite improvements in mosquito-control methods, encephalitis still persists, particularly in humid, swampy areas. Of the 100-odd victims in the hardest-hit Mississippi town of Greenville (pop. 40,000), many live in the poorest part of town. Of those infected in Illinois, most live near cemeteries, where mosquito larvae have been flourishing in water-filled flower vases.

For reasons that are still not understood, this year's St. Louis encephalitis seems to have bypassed the young and hit hardest at the elderly. In Mississippi, for example, the median age for SLE victims is 70, and there have been relatively few cases in people under 40. SLE's younger victims usually suffer nothing worse than a moderate fever, stiff neck, severe headaches and some lassitude. The aged are more likely to run high fevers, have convulsions and, especially if already debilitated, die.

The situation is reversed for those who contract another form of the disease called Western Equine Encephalitis (WEE)—a variation that is largely confined to horses but can also hit humans. Adults usually recover from a WEE infection, but in infants and children, it can produce high fever, convulsions and coma; those under one year of age who survive an infection are likely to have permanent brain damage. So far this year WEE has struck hundreds of horses and killed six of its 9 human victims in the Red River Valley of North Dakota and Minnesota.

Doctors have tried for years to prevent, or at least reduce, the ravages of St. Louis and other forms of insect-borne encephalitis. But the disease is difficult

to treat or eradicate. No effective way has been developed to immunize people against it. Health officials are concentrating on spraying and swamp-drainage programs aimed at cutting down the number of mosquitoes, for the only known way to prevent encephalitis is to eliminate the pesky insects that transmit it.

Cancer: Some Encouragement

Despite years of research, doctors have found neither the causes nor a universal cure for cancer, which will strike 665,000 people and kill some 365,000 this year in the U.S. alone. Still, they are making significant progress against the disease. The American Cancer Society has announced that the incidence of several major cancers has dropped dramatically in recent years and that survival rates for those stricken with several forms of cancer are improving.

The A.C.S. based its report on a 22-year comparison of cancer statistics. Its study showed that during the years between 1947 and 1969, the overall incidence of ovarian cancer dropped 10%, cancer of the esophagus by 23%, cancers of the rectum and of the bladder (in women) by 26% each. Cancer of the uterus, which afflicts an estimated 61 of every 100,000 women a year, dropped 37% during this period; cancer of the stomach, which once affected 24 people per 100,000 every year, by 63%. The only increases: lung cancer (125%) and about 20% increases each in cancers of the prostate, bladder and colon in men, and the pancreas in both men and women. The rates for breast and colon cancer in women are virtually unchanged.

Twenty-five years ago, the A.C.S. reported only one out of every four cancer patients survived for at least five years after the disease was diagnosed. Today one out of every three survives, a saving of 55,000 lives a year.

Puzzling Disparity. In another study, the National Cancer Institute surveyed the cases of 219,493 white and 21,088 black patients whose cancers were diagnosed between 1955 and 1964. It found significant differences in survival by race, site of cancer and sex. Half of the white women in the study and a third of the white men survived at least five years after diagnosis. Among blacks, 40% of the women and less than 25% of the men survived five years.

The N.C.I. is puzzled by the disparities. There is no evidence that blacks in the study received less care than whites. One possible explanation could be that the immune systems of blacks and whites respond differently to cancerous growths. The N.C.I. analysis showed that—with a few notable exceptions—even when their cancers were diagnosed at the same stage of development, whites lived longer than blacks.

*So-called because the virus was first isolated from brain-tissue specimens in a St. Louis laboratory in 1933.



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Barley feed products	5.2	5.2	5.2	5.2
Wheat:				
Flour	112	110	110	110
Breakfast cereals	1.9	1.9	1.9	1.9
Aves, flour	1.2	1.2	1.2	1.2
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Viewpoints: The New Season, Part I

Here it is, folks! The week you have been waiting for, the week the networks premiere their brand-new, grand new... ah... product mix. Admittedly that phrase falls a trifle lamely on the ear, lacking as it does the excited tone of the on-air promos they have been pumping at us all summer. It does, however, have the virtue of accuracy. To begin with, the "new season" consists mainly of old stuff. Among television's 70 regularly scheduled prime-time programs, no fewer than 45 are carryovers from last year (and, in several instances, the year before the year before that, and are they really going to show Marcus Welby cash his first Social Security check?).

More significant—though scarcely startling after decades of dashed hopes—almost all the new programs are the smallest possible variants on well-established genres—ethnic sitcoms, cop and doctor shows, revivals of such time-tested media favorites as *Ellery Queen* and *The Invisible Man*.

If there is a trend no bigger than a program director's soul to be discerned here it is two half-hour comedies that deal with forthright women trying to start new lives. *Fay* (NBC, Thursday, 8:30 p.m. E.D.T.) is played by Lee Grant, and she is a divorcee. *Phyllis* (CBS, Monday, 8:30 p.m. E.D.T.) is a newly widowed Cloris Leachman. Both, coincidentally, are trying to work things out in over-used San Francisco.

False Hysterics. The problem is that there is nothing intrinsically funny about widowhood, grass or otherwise, and it is a mistake to try to create big boffs, broad running jokes out of these conditions. Silly, honest, human errors occur when someone is trying to make a new life, and it should be possible to make gentle rueful human comedy out of the attempt to muddle through. But *Phyllis* is paced and played as if it were a zany farce. *Fay* is hobbled by an ex-husband whose profession is surely borscht-belt comedy. It is impossible to understand why she ever married this yakster. He is a creature of the anything-for-a-laugh desperation that turns both shows into exercises in false hysterics. Still, they are efforts to find the humor in situations that increasingly large numbers of Americans are actually experiencing. Any show that makes even a botched attempt to model itself on life instead of last year's Nielsen winners probably deserves a second look.

Once is more than enough, however, for the likes of *Big Eddie* (CBS, Friday, 8 p.m. E.D.T.), *The Montefuscos* (NBC, Thursday, 8 p.m. E.D.T.) and *Doc* (CBS, Saturday, 8:30 p.m. E.D.T.). People like these must have existed once so that the

movies and television had something on which to base their models. For decades now, however, these characters have only existed as TV clichés. The predictable is not just unfunny, it is infuriating. Big Eddie (Sheldon Leonard) is the semitough owner of a sports arena cut off the loud-checked Damon Runyon cloth. As a nod to more recent fashion, he has been given a hip black man as an assistant. But as the sub-literary tradition to which he belongs insists, he is married to a wise-dumb ex-chorine, and they are warmhearted and lovable despite their grammatical struggles.

The Montefuscos are a prolific Italian family who yell and hug a lot and have a Waspson-in-law to make the butt of their hearty humor. They are warmhearted and lovable despite their mercurial temperaments. Doc (Barnard Hughes) is a crusty, idealistic doctor ministering to a poor neighborhood. Doubtless it will soon be revealed that he goes on house calls, making him a fantasy figure as remote as *The Six Million Dollar Man*. He is just plain warmhearted and lovable. The first episode, in which a priest tricks him into attending Mass by beating him at poker, is the best proof yet of the contention that excesses of sugar can make you crazy.

Such signs of sanity as exist in this week's sampling of the new shows derive from a likely and an unlikely place. The likely source is Mel Brooks. *When Things Were Rotten* (ABC, Wednesday, 8 p.m. E.D.T.) hacks away at the Robin Hood myth with a broadsword. If it is not up to *Young Frankenstein*, or even his earlier TV venture *Get Smart*, it still proves that second-rate Brooks can come close to being first-rate television. For instance, the fellow with the thankless task of reading unpleasant royal proclamations enlivens his role by doing a very passable imitation of Oliver's Richard III. And when the peasantry, muttering revolt, are told to hold their tongues, it is unreasonably amusing to see 50 extras stick them out and literally grab them.

Verbal Fights. The unlikely source of optimism is a little-publicized ethnic comedy called *Joe and Sons* (CBS, Tuesday, 8:30 p.m. E.D.T.). Here, too, the principals are Italians, and the first episode, like that of *Doc*, involves getting a doubter to return to church. The earnest efforts of the title character (played by Richard Castellano, who gives us an unprecedented figure, a phlegmatic Italian) and his buddy (Jerry Stiller) to save an errant soul are at once hilarious and touching. They engage in wild verbal fights to prove that you can believe in someone invisible ("You've never seen Howard Hughes, have you?"), and that the evidence of God's spirit is everywhere. "God wires all the songs!" Stiller cries triumphantly

at one point. "You mean to say God wrote *Zippity-Do-Dah*?" a puzzled, momentarily shaken Castellano asks. Pace and construction are as good as the gags on this show. More important, anyone—regardless of race, creed or income—can readily sympathize with the characters. When seriously dealing with an adolescent, who has not found his rhetoric rising, his eager arguments backing him into absurd corners? In short, *Joe and Sons* features human beings, comically exaggerated, to be sure, but solid and recognizable.

Less Idealistic. So far, there is no new dramatic series that can say as much. **Medical Story**, (NBC, Thursday, 10 p.m. E.D.T.) is an attempt to ape the success of the allegedly adult cop anthology *Police Story*. It is shot and edited in fake *cinéma-vérité* style. Mild profanity is allowed, gynecological problems are openly discussed and some doctors are shown to be something less than idealistic. But there is still more of Dr. Kildare than genuine originality or moral courage to the program; characterizations are strictly comic book and whenever anyone criticizes an M.D. it is hastily pointed out that the vast majority of doctors are splendid chaps.

Starsky and Hutch (ABC, Wednesday, 10 p.m. E.D.T.) are a jivey detective team, cheeky to authority, kindly to the oppressed. Played by Paul Michael Glaser and David Soul, they dress raffishly, drive too fast and generally behave like a mini-Mod Squad. Nothing new there. **Ellery Queen** (NBC, Thursday, 9 p.m. E.D.T.), starring Jim Hutton, is a garage-sale period piece. The presence of Guy Lombardo and some ancient autos and the oldest of detective story conventions (all suspects are assembled in one room to await the results of the detective's ratiocinations) are supposed to evoke nostalgia. They do not—and the format's stasis is numbing.

Still, wheezy is not queasy. Queasy is **The Family Holvak** (NBC, Sunday, 8 p.m. E.D.T.). They live in the bottom land below Waltons' Mountain and east of *The Little House on the Prairie*, in the never-never 1930s where hard economic times bring out the best in folks. This conceit is, of course, without historical basis and the cloying piety with which it is constantly reiterated on these shows—aimed primarily at children—is repulsive. In one respect, the show has the advantage over its competitors: Dad (Glenn Ford) is an ordained minister, so he has a professional excuse for endlessly mouthing two-bit moralisms that the other father figures lack. The decision to equip the sound track with a rustic ballad commenting on the action is, however, a howling wrongo. (Sample rhyme: "My mom, who never had a fur/ Must have known how rich we were.") The song does tip the program toward unconscious self-parody, but not nearly far enough. The only hope here is to put Mel Brooks on as a consultant.

Richard Schickel



ALLEN, WHITE & BALTHROP IN *TREEMONISHA* AT WASHINGTON'S KENNEDY CENTER

MUSIC

Scott Joplin: From Rags to Opera

Found beneath a sacred tree, destined to lead her people, the baby girl enters the world like a new Moses. Raised on an Arkansas plantation by the freed slaves Ned and his wife Monisha, she is given the name Treemonisha because she likes to play under the tree. Except for Ned and Monisha, the farm hands are deeply superstitious and tremble when the conjurer Zedtrick, known as the "goof-er dus' man," comes around with his bags o' luck. Ned and Monisha hope that Treemonisha will grow up to lead the people away from the captivity of their ignorance and fear. Accordingly, in exchange for laundering and woodchopping, they arrange to have the girl educated by a nearby white family. Convinced that Treemonisha's learning is a threat to them, Zedtrick and his fellow conjurers kidnap her for a night of voodoo-like terror. Rescued by her friend Remus (disguised as a scarecrow), Treemonisha astonishes everyone by urging forgiveness. "You will do evil for evil, if you strike them, you know," she tells her people. They understand and acclaim Treemonisha as their leader.

That is the plot of one of the great curios in all American opera. *Treemonisha* was composed by the ragtime genius Scott Joplin. Completed in 1911, it was never staged during his lifetime, nor at all until 1972, early on in the current Joplin revival. Last May it was presented by the Houston Grand Opera, with new orchestrations by Composer Gunther Schuller and choreography by Louis Johnson. So successful was the production, directed by Frank Corsaro, that it has been transported intact to Washing-

ton's Kennedy Center for a three-week run. Later this month it will open on Broadway at the Uris Theatre.

Be it the Broadway musical, opera or grand opera itself, the musical stage has few works as innocent and pure as *Treemonisha*. Joplin called his work an opera and structurally it is one. He wrote his own libretto and decked it out with orchestral preludes, choruses, solos, duos, even a quintet, in a way that indicated he probably knew the works of Weber and Flotow. The spirit of the work, though, hovers somewhere between operetta and masque. The use of ragtime is limited to exhilarating dance finales: *Aunt Dinah Has Blowed de Horn* at the end of Act I and *A Real Slow Drag* at the final curtain. Elsewhere one can find a waltz and even barbershop quartet. Infusing everything is Joplin's ear for melody, which made his rags so fetching and regaling.

Dramatically, *Treemonisha* calls for a certain amount of forbearance. Its message (improving the lot of the Negro) is treated naively, and its solution (education) is somewhat simplistic. *Treemonisha* works for an audience of today because Joplin kept his touch tight despite heavy use of dialect ("No, dat bag you'se not gwine to buy, 'cause I know de price is high"). His is a fable that James Thurber might have appreciated.

This production accepts *Treemonisha*'s old-fashioned charm and innocence without embarrassment. Says Schuller, an expert on ragtime and jazz: "There are certain kinds of primitive art works that must be preserved as they originally were. *Treemonisha* is one of them. It just won't work if you try to

MUSIC

sass it up or modernize it for Broadway." This is easier said than done, especially in scoring the work; only Joplin's piano edition has survived. Schuller's orchestration radiates not just the ring of authenticity but the growl and wail as well.

Corsaro, a veteran director of Broadway and opera, has given *Treemonisha* a dreamy, timeless feel that softens its awkward edges and enlarges its fable. He and Designer Franco Colavecchia have conceived sets that underline that aura of make-believe. The plantation cabins, for example, are shells that are held up on poles by supers. The rainbow that greets *Treemonisha's* ascendency to leadership is an arch of ribbons. Dancers with alligator and bear masks move in and out of the voodoo scene. Louis Johnson's choreography does have a touch of Broadway pizzazz. But when those good plantation folks turn from corn husking to "goin' around" (square dancing), it is hard to believe that anything so bouncy could have been rehearsed, let alone laid out in advance. The performance benefits enormously from the authority of Betty Allen's *Monisha* and Willard White's Ned, not to mention Schuller's buoyant conducting. But it is Carmen Baltrush as *Treemonisha* who is easily the hit of the evening. Winner of the 1975 Metropolitan Opera auditions, she still moves too cautiously on stage, but her lyric soprano voice has an appealing woodwind glow and she uses it with authority.

William Bender

It was not enough that the sheet music of *Maple Leaf Rag*, published in 1899, sold more than a million copies and made the son of a former slave well-to-do almost overnight. Not for Scott Joplin. As a youth he may have earned his living playing honky-tonk piano by night in a string of saloons and bordellos in the South and Midwest. But what few realized was that he was expertly tuned in harmony, counterpoint and the works of the classical masters.

Joplin's musical genius was enormous and precocious. He was born in 1868 at Texarkana into a family that took music as its birthright. The father, a laborer, played the violin; the mother sang and picked banjo. Joplin started out on the guitar and bugle, but at age seven discovered the piano and was soon teaching himself to improvise.

After his mother's death, and one argument too many with his father about learning a trade, the boy left home for good at age 14 to become a honky-tonk pianist. It was the only trade he cared about. No doubt Joplin could play "ragged time," as it was first called because of its bouncing bass and syncopated right hand, as bumpily as the next man. But by the time he began writing his rags down in the late 1890s, they had obviously become objects of care, even personal meaning for him.

Schuller in his book *Early Jazz*, the first volume of his *The History of Jazz*.



COMPOSER JOPLIN
A wandering lover.

makes a convincing case for the European march as a source of the rag. A typical Joplin rag has a disciplined arrangement of repeats and returns not unlike that of the march, and a similar duplicate time signature. Jazz probably got its start, Schuller believes, when saloon pianists who could not read music began improvising rags they had heard.

By the 1920s ragtime was forgotten. So was the soft-spoken, thoughtful Joplin, a friendly man who had always been willing to listen to other musicians. He

was apparently something of a wandering lover, as the dedications of *The Syncopated* to Minnie L. Montgomery and *Leola* to Miss Minnie Wade suggest. But he craved the comfort and security of marriage. His first failed: the former Belle Hayden had no interest in his music, and their baby daughter died in infancy. His second marriage, to Lottie Stokes, seemed perfect, and Lottie stood by him as he exhausted himself and his money trying to get *Treemonisha* produced. The only way he could get it published was to do it himself. Burned out at 48, Joplin died in 1917 in an asylum from complications of syphilis.

Clear Chords. The current Joplin vogue is now five years old. It began when a record company, Nonesuch, began issuing Joplin albums played by such "straight" pianists as Joshua Rifkin and William Bolcom. It gained distinction in 1972 when Vera Brodsky Lawrence, an ex-concert pianist, brought out a two-volume edition of Joplin's printed music. The film *The Sting* made Joplin's *The Entertainer* a national hit. This year came the bestselling novel *Ragtime* by E.L. Doctorow (TIME, July 14); a central figure is the black ragtime pianist Coalhouse Walker Jr. As Walker sits down to play Joplin's *Wall Street Rag*, Doctorow writes: "Small clear chords hung in the air like flowers. The melodies were like bouquets. There seemed to be no other possibilities for life than those delineated by the music." Scott Joplin would have liked that.

MILESTONES

Died. Pierre Blaise, 20, French peasant woodcutter who starred in Louis Malle's provocative 1974 film *Lacombe, Lucien*; in a car crash along with two companions; near Montauban, France. Blaise, who had never acted before, bested 1,000 others who had tried out for the role of the square-jawed, peach-cheeked farm boy, Lucien Lacombe. Blaise had then starred in three other films, most recently the unreleased *Parade des Escaliers Anciens* (By Way of the Old Staircase) with Marcello Mastroianni.

Died. Marshall Kay, 70, Columbia University geologist and early proponent of the theory of continental drift; in Englewood, N.J. Kay's reconstruction of continental movements in 1948 showed that the boundaries of North America were delineated over 400 million years ago by undersea volcanic upheaval. He also predicted that Japan would one day merge with the Asian mainland. An organizer of the 1967 Gander conference on continental drift, Kay was honored with the Geological Society of America's top award in 1971.

Died. Enrico Josi, 90, world-renowned archaeologist; in Rome. A professor at Rome's Pontifical Institute of

Christian Archaeology from 1925 to 1970, Josi took part in dozens of digs through Italy's catacombs and ancient graveyards in search of relics of early Christianity, most notably the 1939 excavation beneath the Vatican Basilica, in which the tomb of St. Peter was eventually found.

Died. Ivan Maisky, 91, Soviet Ambassador to London from 1932 to 1943; in Moscow. A dapper, moonfaced charmer, Anglophile Maisky interpreted Stalin's often twisting policies to the British through the 1930s, forging friendly relations but no alliances with Lord Halifax and Winston Churchill. Under a cloud after the Nazi-Soviet pact and Stalin's 1939 invasion of Finland, he rebounded to become one of London's social lions when Hitler attacked Russia in 1941. A superb p.r. man, Maisky donated the Soviet embassy's iron railing to Britain's wartime scrap drive and was once serenaded with the *Internationale* by British armament workers. Returning in 1943 to serve as Stalin's Deputy Foreign Minister, Maisky attended the Yalta and Potsdam conferences before finishing his career as an academic specialist in Far East history.

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The Sweet Sleuth Gone

CURTAIN

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

238 pages, Dodd, Mead, \$7.95.

This is the book that Agatha Christie wrote 30-odd years ago in which her legendary detective, Hercule Poirot, dies. She had wanted it published after her death but recently changed her mind. The reason, according to her publishers, was the box office success of the film *Murder on the Orient Express*, which created a huge demand for Poirot that the author was too frail to meet with a new book.

Nonsense. What is far more likely

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DAME AGATHA CHRISTIE
One last triumph.

is that at 85, Dame Agatha decided to enjoy one more triumph. If *Curtain* is not quite the revolutionary mystery that *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd* was in 1926, it is a major tour de force. Once again Christie has twisted the classic form in which she writes, and has come up with something new. *Curtain* is a shocker. It will cause intense, benign controversy and become an enormous bestseller. It is to be hoped that Queen Elizabeth has more ribbons in her closet to decorate this enduring and lonely symbol of British vitality.

As even doormats must know by now, the murderer in *Ackroyd* is the narrator, a genial village doctor. No one had ever pulled that trick, and there are purists who still argue that the author cheated. But if the device came as a rev-

elation, the source should not have. Six years earlier, Christie had broken ground modestly in her first book, *The Mysterious Affair at Styles*; the villain was the first and most obvious suspect, from whom attention had long since been diverted.

Christie quickly became mistress of complex, cerebral plotting. Though she once wrote a book based on the Lindbergh kidnaping (*Murder on the Orient Express*), she would probably have been powerless even in her prime to turn the Bronfman case into fiction. It was too



A PORTRAIT OF POIROT
One last challenge.

badly bungled. Among the 65 thrillers she has written in a 55-year career are several classics: *The ABC Murders* is a fiendish triple trap, *Murder in the Clouds*, a sleek variant of the locked-room play set in the cabin of a small airplane, *What Mrs. McGillicuddy Saw*, a neat bit of one-upmanship on Josephine Tey's *The Franchise Affair*.

In the past decade or so, Christie's plots have become slacker and there has been a tendency toward capriciousness, which always lay just behind her virtuosity. *Curtain* turns back time to her great days. For a setting it goes all the way back to Styles St. Mary, where she

and Poirot, her most famous creation, started out. The manor, which was once occupied by gentry, has become during World War II a rather meanly run "guesthouse," but in other respects, it is positively miraculous how little has changed since 1916. Then, as later, the action begins with the arrival of Captain Hastings, easily the most block-headed tribute ever paid to Dr. Watson. His virtues are decency and loyalty to England and Poirot, but as the latter notes, he has a flair for the obvious and "a speaking countenance."

Poirot was arthritic even then, and Hastings, himself the picture of ruddy health, notes each time how his idol has "failed." Christie has never bothered changing her detective. He is always a badly bespoke would-be dandy. (He wits in *Poirot Loses a Client* when someone observes that he is foreign. "And yet my clothes are made by an English tailor," he protests.) He fractures the language of Shakespeare—"Figure to yourself then"—until the time comes to explain his feats of detection. Then he speaks perfectly well. His considerable vanity is centered in his great waxed mustache—"the finest in London." In *Cards on the Table*, there is a man whose mustache compares with Poirot's; the fellow dies within 20 pages.

Unlike the busy Holmes, Poirot is an armchair detective. His "little grey cells" and his dispassion are more powerful than any magnifying lens. "There is nobody and nothing I do not suspect," he says. "I believe nothing I am told."

Confined to a wheelchair and suffering from serious heart trouble, Poirot is facing his greatest challenge in *Curtain*: a pathological murderer whose greed for death increases with each new victim. This person is at Styles. Poirot, though rich, resigns himself to the watered soup and the brussels sprouts and invites Hastings to be his legman.

Grey Cells. For most of its length, the book is typical first-rate Christie fast, complicated, wryly funny about the British. At the end there are two jolts. In retrospect, the story seems less "typical." Hastings is as fuzzy as ever but there is a new hardness in Poirot. He almost never lapses into silly English, and he is even snappish with his friend. "If you cannot use your grey cells as you do not possess them, use your eyes, your ears and your nose if need be in so far as the dictates of honor allow."

Honor is the theme here—Poirot's and Christie's, because once again she breaks another rule of her exacting genre. By way of preparation, there is talk about Iago as the perfect plotter and the notion that every man may be a murderer. As announced, Poirot dies at the end, but the reader can safely be assured of at least one thing: Hastings comes through all right. Christie



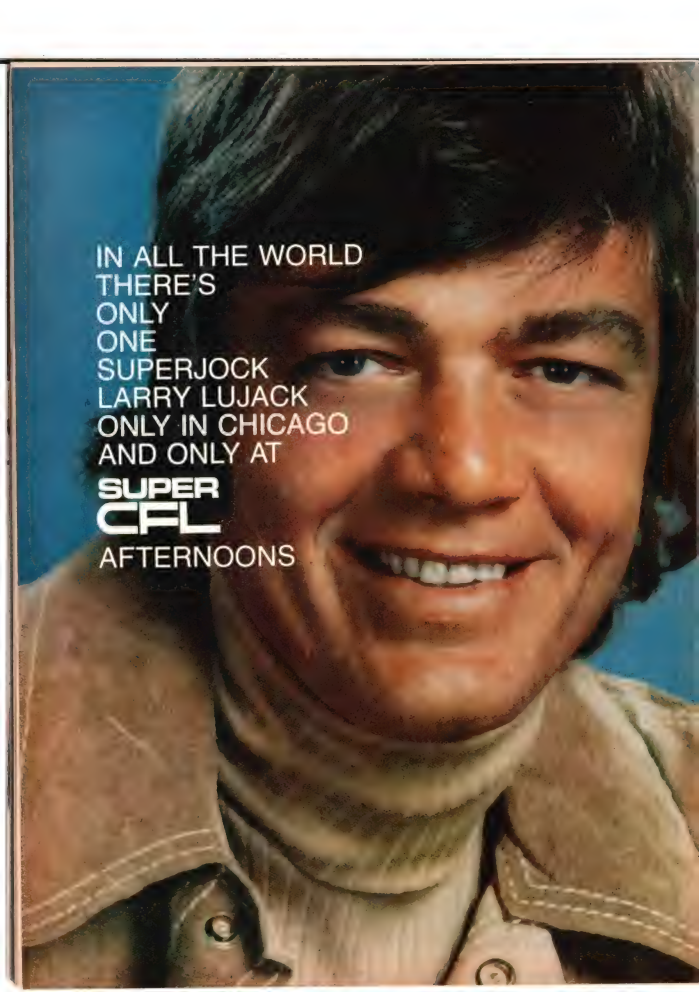
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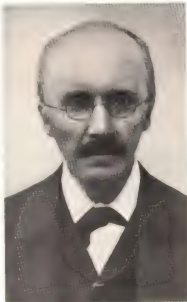
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no longer gives interviews. Like Poirot, she has arthritis and heart trouble. She and her husband, the archaeologist Sir Max Mallowan, are still passionately fond of the theater, but their appearances in the West End are rare now. They live in a Queen Anne house near Oxford, where Dame Agatha supervises gardens that meander down to the Thames. Her publishers say that she has tired of Poirot (she also has a novel in the vault that kills off her other sturdy creation, Miss Marple), and it is easy to see how his popularity outstripped her interest in him. He was never much more than a device and an amusement. But *Curtain* will certainly cause a new explosion of interest in Poirot, now that he is dead. The last time a similar situation came up, a bored Sir Arthur Conan Doyle killed off Sherlock Holmes, but the public demanded his resurrection.

Martha Duffy



HEINRICH SCHLIEMANN

Stoned at Troy

THE GREEK TREASURE
by IRVING STONE

479 pages. Doubleday. \$10.95.

It is a bit late to complain about Irving Stone, who provides novelized biographies for readers who want Vincent Van Gogh and Michelangelo to wear boxer shorts and talk like members of the local school board. Perhaps that is why Stone, in his latest book, persistently calls the historical Heinrich Schliemann "Henry."

Schliemann was the self-taught amateur archaeologist who a century ago used clues in *The Iliad* to discover and excavate Priam's Troy. He was a truly astonishing man, a German who grubbed away his early youth as an im-

poverished clerk, then by his middle 20s made a fortune in Russia selling tea, olive oil and indigo. Schliemann traveled to California in 1850, when he was 28, and made another fortune provisioning gold miners. He returned to Russia and accumulated still another pot of money, and finally retired at 41 with an ambition that seemed to have blown into his skull like an owl through an open window. He wanted to find Troy, the fortified city to which Paris abducted Helen, and which the Achaean heroes Menelaus, Agamemnon, Ajax, Achilles and Odysseus besieged for ten years.

To most university-trained scholars, Schliemann's notion was pathetically naive. Homer himself they considered to be not one man but a loose guild of poets, and Troy merely a vivid legend with no basis in fact. Schliemann had money, unlimited energy and formidable intellectual powers on his side of the argument. He is said to have been able to learn a new language in three weeks. To him, Homer's descriptions of Troy's walls and gates sounded like history, not storytelling. And in excavations begun in 1870 at Hissarlik, a Turkish settlement south of the Dardanelles, he proved that he was right.

Stone picks up Schliemann's story a year earlier, when, at 47, he married his second wife, a 17-year-old Greek girl named Sophia. Her strength was a good match for Henry's. At the Hissarlik digs, she supervised excavation crews, classified artifacts and helped her husband smuggle out of Turkey a huge and elaborately worked store of gold objects — presumed by the exultant Schliemann to be the fabled treasure of Priam.

Marble Mansion. By the time Europe's scholars had grudgingly accepted the Schliemanns' discovery, the two had repeated their feat of literary and archaeological detection by finding a second trove of prehistoric gold artifacts in a series of ancient royal tombs. One of them was perhaps Agamemnon's burial site at Mycenae.

This is exciting stuff, but Stone fleshes it out with far too much flabby imagining about the Schliemanns' domestic tensions. Will Sophia produce a son for Henry? Will she endure his abundant eccentricities? Will she put up with the vast marble mansion he builds for himself in Athens?

Stone's archaeology and history are accurate. He also had access to the Schliemann archives at the American School of Classical Studies in Athens. He was even able to see most of the unpublished correspondence between Schliemann and Sophia. But the book's main flaw is that it observes Schliemann solely through the eyes of a wife who never saw him until he was middle-aged. Novelizing thus gets in the way of biography; the reader is on hand for the exciting excavation scenes, but not for the development of a mind as rich and extraordinary as Troy itself. **John Shaw**

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GEORGE SAND: A BIOGRAPHY

by CURTIS CATE

812 pages. Houghton Mifflin, \$15.

In an age that could boast more than its share of eccentric geniuses, George Sand remained almost unchallenged in her reputation as the most provocative woman of her time. In the 19th century, as now, her public image was that of a cigar-smoking iconoclast in top hat and trousers, an unabashed libertine of dubious sexual inclinations. She was also the writer whom Dostoyevsky dubbed "the Christian par excellence" and whom Elizabeth Barrett Browning hailed as "the first female genius of any country or age."

Trying to disentangle the woman, who was born Aurore Dupin in 1804, from the legendary creature known as George Sand could easily have proved a biographer's undoing. But Curtis Cate,

REUTEMANN ARCHIVE



GEORGE SAND IN 1838 PAINTING
 Love and other labors.

whose previous work includes a biography of Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, approaches the task with both the patience of a scholar and the relish of a storyteller. He manages to puncture the myth without deflating the life. From the moment she arrived in Paris in 1831, a 26-year-old *berrichonne* provincial fleeing from her small-spirited husband, rumor began placing her in bed with almost every author, artist, musician and revolutionary politician of her day. By Cate's count, however, Sand's liaisons numbered no more than 20—and (contrary to gossip) they were all with men.

Tales of George Sand's amours with Liszt, Heine, Balzac and Flaubert are also dismissed as apocryphal. With the record thus cleared, Biographer Cate dramatically details the involvements that his scholarship can verify—including affairs with Prosper Mérimée, Alfred de Musset, Frédéric Chopin, one

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SHARKS THE SILENT SAVAGES Theo W. Brown



How sharks behave, and how man might control them—this is the subject of a spell-binding new book by a veteran diver and researcher, "a rare man seeking to unravel and conquer a frightening corner of nature."—*Library Journal*. Illustrated, \$7.95.

LITTLE, BROWN PUBLISHERS

BOOKS

Italian surgeon, two French lawyers and an international assortment of young men who entered Sand's household as tutors for her two children, Maurice and Solange.

There was a strange pattern to George Sand's passions. An initial period of frenzied erotic indulgence would lead her to fear that her lover would be literally consumed by the fiery intensity of their lovemaking. "What a frightful remorse it is to see the being one would give one's life for dying in one's arms... to feel him growing thinner, wearing himself out, killing himself from day to day," she wrote of Jules Sandeau, the young medical student whose name she eventually borrowed and altered to make her own.

Compelled to forswear sex out of an exaggerated fear for her lovers' well-being, Sand would deliberately transform her passion into a chaste maternal solicitude for her beloved. Eventually the privation she imposed upon herself would sour and destroy the relationship. As seen in her letters and diaries, this emotionally exhausting, sexually unfulfilling pattern is endlessly repeated until her life begins to read like a cautionary tale on the excesses of romantic love.

Galley Slave. Sand's professional labors were at least as arduous as her love life. Like Balzac, Dickens and Dostoyevsky, she was one of the galley slaves of 19th century literature, constantly trying to keep one pen stroke ahead of her creditors. The result was some 60 novels, 25 plays, an autobiography and enough miscellaneous essays to fill a dozen bulging volumes. Her correspondence, which is still being uncovered, promises to fill another 25 volumes. An impassioned propagandist for the romantic movement, she used her writing to champion political as well as sexual revolution.

Sand's is a life that offers strong temptation for armchair psychologizing, and unfortunately Cate succumbs. Although his narrative does justice to Sand's complexity, his labels do not. She is diagnosed as "a do-good mystic-religious personality" with a "hair-shirt complex," and her sexual frustrations are rather cavalierly attributed to a chronic case of "nympholepsy"—the desire for an ecstasy so sublime that no mortal can satisfy it. Cate also makes Sand do some special pleading for viewpoints that are clearly his own. He conjectures, for instance, that "were she alive today, Sand would regard the militant crusaders of women's liberation as 'mentally depraved'"—which is to say, if George Sand were alive today, she would still be living in the 19th century.

But if Cate occasionally overstates his case, he does not stack the evidence. All the pieces of the puzzle are there. The reader must put it together if he wants to find the answer to Balzac's potentially prophetic question: "What will become of the world when all women are like George Sand?"

Le Anne Schreiber

BEHAVIOR

How to Succeed, 1975

If you want to achieve power, it is best to start out with a large face and practice a winning, trustworthy smile. On a business lunch, always arrive late to make your companion ill at ease. In the office, answer a difficult question with another question and try to leave the impression that you are a person of mystery and depth.

These tips are from Michael Korda's *Power! How to Get It, How to Use It* (Random House; \$8.95). Another current power book, Robert J. Ringer's *Winning Through Intimidation* (Funk & Wagnalls; \$9.95), has some equally keen advice: do not trust anybody at all; assume you will fail, so your positive mental outlook will not be crushed by a setback; make as much money as you can, because life is short and pointless and there is nothing better to do.

Korda's book is the more sophisticated of the two. Currently editorial top dog at the book-publishing firm of Simon & Schuster, Korda, 42, updates Adman Shepherd Mead's 1952 book *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, and the result could be made into an equally entertaining musical comedy. In Mead's day, the status symbol was a key to the executive washroom. Now, says Korda, it is an IBM Selectric II for your secretary.

The proper "power office" should be in the corner, of course, decorated with power colors (a strong blue with a touch of red—to inspire fear—is good) and with chairs low and ashtrays just out of reach to discomfite visitors. Where the visitor sits in an office is crucial. If the host seats him directly across his desk at A (see top diagram), it means the host is ready to make a deal. The visitor should then move his chair to B, encroaching on the host's space. If the host is trying to evade a deal or placate a vis-

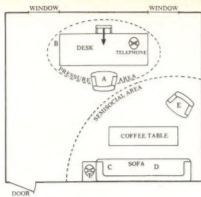
itor, he will suggest that both sit on the sofa. Then the proper move for the visitor is to sit at C, forcing the host to move to D, where he is cut off from both telephones. Phonemanship is important too. An aggressive visitor should ask to make a phone call, settle in at the host's desk (violation of territory), and finger the phone confidently, as it is a strong phallic power symbol.

To put down an older executive, says Korda, one should speak very softly to make him think he is going deaf. If that does not work, get him talking about the old days. Once he defends the old policies, he can be branded as passé.

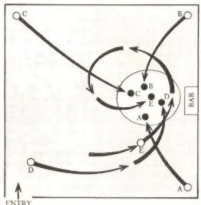
Party Power. Korda describes office behavior like a pop anthropologist. In the first phase of business parties, he says, the most powerful people will station themselves in the corners of the room, attracting a circle of nonpowerful listeners. "Once this has been accomplished, they move naturally toward each other and close ranks, the powerful separating themselves instinctively from the non-powerful" (see bottom diagram). Advises Korda: this is the moment for the underlings to break away. "It is a sign that the period of familiarity is over."

Korda is so obsessed by style as the key to power that his book reads like *The Prince* by Machiavelli. He believes that shoes should be the five-eyelet type from Peal & Co., Ltd. and must always be highly shined. Expensive, thin briefcases are out. A man making less than \$50,000 should carry only an old, battered two-handle briefcase. A thin leather portfolio is proper between \$50,000 and \$100,000. A man who makes more than that should not carry a briefcase at all.

Korda's only previous book, published in 1973, was called *Male Chauvinism! How It Works*. He dreads being thought a sexist, but occasionally has



ABCs OF OFFICE SEATING



CLOSING RANKS AT A BUSINESS PARTY

difficulty with the notion that women might become powerful. "Any job a woman does is downgraded the moment she has proved she can do it," he remarks airily. He adds that "if a woman were elected President and chose a male Vice President, we would doubtless see the Vice Presidency transformed into a position of serious responsibility and power, while the Presidency was downgraded until the President and Vice President could be treated as if they were a 'team' of equals."

Ringer's book could have been called "How I Made \$849,901.39 in Real Estate in a Single Year." If so, it would have won the eleven readers it deserves. With its catchy title and dusting of tough-guy ethics, however, it is fast making its way up the bestseller lists.

I Was Somebody. As a young minnow among real estate sharks, Ringer, now 37, was repeatedly cheated out of most of his broker's fee in "routine commissionectomies." Then he discovered what he calls intimidation—really traditional one-upmanship. He started sending lavish 10-in. by 10-in. brochures as calling cards—each costing about \$5 and featuring a glossy photo of the earth as seen from an Apollo spaceship. The legend: earth is "an investment to the wise." Explains Ringer: "The brochure was intimidating. I was not just another member of the pack. I was obviously 'somebody.'" Ringer continued to in-

INSTRUCTORS IN THE POWER GAME: BROKER ROBERT J. RINGER, EDITOR MICHAEL KORDA



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BEHAVIOR

timidate by arranging to get his clients to meet him at airports where they could watch him land in his own Learjet. He traveled with a retinue of assistants and secretaries, and he unexpectedly brought his attorney to closings for additional intimidation. Ringer believes that these real estate techniques apply "to all phases of life." But the only non-real estate example he cites is marriage: A woman must learn to market a product (herself) and close the deal ("get the stiff to sign on the dotted line and hand over the ring"). Says Ringer: "The main reason I wrote the book was to make money, not to help people." By that standard, he appears to be a resounding success.

Morals Make a Comeback

Why is the president of the American Psychological Association saying nice things about original sin, confession of guilt and the Ten Commandments? Why is he chiding his fellow psychologists for siding with self-gratification over self-restraint and for regarding guilt as a neurotic symptom? Because, after years of study and his "avocational interest in evolutionary theory," he has finally come to believe that religion and other moral traditions are not only useful but scientifically valid. So explained Northwestern Psychologist Donald T. Campbell, 58, in his address at the A.P.A. convention in Chicago last week.

Much of Campbell's extraordinary speech was an explanation of and response to the theories of the sociobiologists—a hundred or so geneticists, zoologists, mathematicians and anthropologists who over the past few years have been trying to prove that all human social behavior has genetic origins. Most psychologists do not believe it. How could bravery, say, be transmitted by a gene? Yet Campbell urged an open mind and a study of the recently published, monumental textbook on the subject by Zoologist Edward O. Wilson (*Sociobiology: The New Synthesis*; 697 pages; Harvard University Press). Said Campbell: genetic mutations modifying neural networks or hormone distributions (and ultimately behavior) could be just as likely as mutations affecting any other feature. He is not, however, convinced.

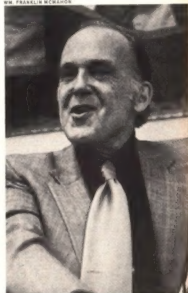
But whether or not genes influence specific traits, Campbell believes that there is a biological bias in favor of self-seeking, uninhibited behavior. To counter this bias, human societies have evolved strong ethical and religious rules favoring the group over the individual.

Thus "Love thy neighbor" and "Honor thy parents" served as brakes on too much antisocial behavior. These commands were absolute and uncompromising in order to balance out the biological bias in the opposite direction.

"In Moses' day, as in ours," said Campbell, "honoring one's parents would have been dysfunctional carried to the 100% extreme, but such excesses were so little of a social problem that in the limited list of reiterated commandments, 'Thou shalt show independence from thy parents' was usually omitted."

Psychiatrists and psychologists have assumed that "the human impulses provided by biological evolution are right" and "that repressive or inhibiting moral traditions" are not. In the light of recent work in population genetics and the evolution of societies, Campbell said, "This assumption may now be regarded as scientifically wrong, in my judgment." He urged his listeners to revise their teaching of the young* so as to remove "any arrogant scientific certainty that psychology's current beliefs are the final truth on these matters," and even sug-

WM. FRANKLIN MCDONALD



PSYCHOLOGIST DONALD T. CAMPBELL
Religion is scientifically valid.

gested that the fundamentalists who object to current school textbooks may have something on their side.

"All the dominant modern psychologies," he declared, "are individualistically hedonistic, explaining all human behavior in terms of individual pleasure and pain, individual needs and drives." They not only describe man as selfishly motivated, but "implicitly or explicitly teach that he ought to be so." Campbell called on psychologists to broaden "our narrowly individualistic focus" and to begin studying social systems with the assumption of "an underlying wisdom in the recipes for living that tradition has supplied us." They might, he said, be "better tested than the best of psychology's and psychiatry's speculations on how lives should be lived."

*Psychology is studied by at least 80% of college students and is currently their most popular major field.



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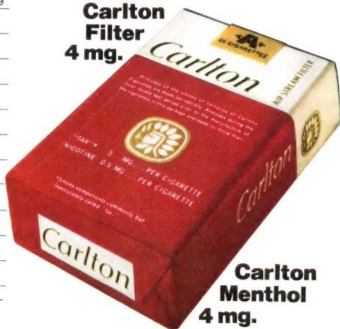
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